THE
NATION

JANUARY 24, 1959 . . 25c

Library
East Orange, N. J.

Havana:

TERROR IN CUBA?

Carleton Beals

Washington:

A FOOT IN THE FUTURE

Frederic W. Collins

Bonn:

THE KEYS TO BERLIN

Jakob Altmaier

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

The Newspaper Strike: Pros and Cons

The Union's Case

Dear Sirs: Some of my friends have introduced me to Mr. Fred J. Cook's article, immodestly and untruthfully labeled by *The Nation* "The Truth About New York's Newspaper Strike," in its January 3, 1959, issue. I refer to his defamatory opening, "A racket-ridden newspaper deliverers union..." and the like. While Mr. Cook dissociates President Sam Feldman and myself, counsel to the union, from his sensational "disclosures," both President Feldman and I condemn Mr. Cook and *The Nation's* publishers for abusing the pages of an otherwise long respected and important journal with such shocking deception.

His charges against the Deliverers' Union and what he reports in connection with the motives behind this strike are false. The picture which he portrays is horribly distorted and tainted either with vicious partiality, ignorance or gullibility.

The clue to Mr. Cook's article seems to me to rest in his too obvious concern for the financial disaster suffered by the newspaper publishers. He pictures them, who are among the more affluent and powerful publishers in the world, as having been helpless, "on an unenviable spot," "saddled with a tough union inherited from the brawling past." "What could the publishers have done about it?" he asks rhetorically and hopelessly.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Cook's sympathies with the publishers, with his criticism of the demands of the union, with his concern for the substantial effects of the strike upon the public, and with his views on all matters pertaining to this problem as a labor dispute, even though my views may be, and to a large extent are, quite different. I do quarrel, however, with his use of your pages as a medium for publicizing, with a spurious claim of objectivity and knowledge, an impeachment of the union's objectives through a smear technique which the representatives of the publishers, and their friends and allies, have been peddling about town ever since the strike started and possibly before. They have sought, during and since the strike, to convince the public and their publisher-owners that they are not to blame for the damages suffered by the newspaper industry and the public. They are so embarrassed by their atrociously inept and arrogant labor-relations program and by their deliberate use of the privilege of a "free" press to conceal the existence of the real issues between them and their union employees, that they have ignominiously resorted to the tale of a "dead horse."

The publishers have also resorted to an attempt to bring discredit upon President Sam Feldman individually, and upon the other officers of the union, by openly questioning his and their ability to lead his union, as does Mr. Cook; and by misleading the membership into believing that Feldman and the official union family are especially responsible for a strike which was costly to them and their families. The publishers will never forgive what they have always considered to be Feldman's impertinence in publicly challenging the inadequacy of the "$7.00" Guild Package, and the form of it, and in openly expressing the dissatisfaction of the publishing industry's employees in that connection. They never undertook to respond intelligently to that expression of dissatisfaction, because of their arrogant belief that their decisions, once made, had to remain final. They are determined to show every worker in the publishing industry, by making an example of Feldman, that no union leader in their industry can successfully balk them once they have made up their minds on a settlement. Mr. Cook is serving these purposes well, whatever his intentions may be.

These very same scurrilous and smearing tales were told not only to Mr. Cook but to many newspaper, radio and television reporters and to writers for weekly and monthly magazines. Reporters who had the intellectual integrity as journalists to discuss these charges with representatives or an authorized spokesman for the union found, in most cases, that their good offices were being abused by informants who would not disclose their identities to avoid exposure as liars. Among these confidential informants have been certain administrative employees and ex-representatives of the publishers; officials of other unions in awkward, uncomfortable positions; ex-participants in the affairs of the union, and disgruntled members of it with axes to grind.

I have been told, like Mr. Cook, of union members with criminal records, and I have heard "facts" from people "in the know" of alleged "pay-offs" for union cards. These tales may have had some foundation in the past, and perhaps still do with regard to some of the persons who are now members of the union but who are no longer in office or with influence in union affairs. I know, however, that the overwhelming majority of the members today have no criminal records, are men of decent moral character, hard-working, conscientious and valuable employees of the publishing industry, as well as good, honest union members. The owners of the news companies and the circulation managers

(Continued on Page 79)

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

61 ●

ARTICLES

64 ● Terror in Cuba?
by CARLETON BEALS

66 ● The Keys to Berlin
by JAKOB ALTMAIER

68 ● A Foot in the Future
by FREDERIC W. COLLINS

70 ● The Ribicoff Remedy
by DAVID CORT

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

73 ● English Lives and American Scholars
by RICHARD D. ALTICK

74 ● Frog Autumn (poem)
by SYLVIA PLATH

75 ● The Nature Trap
by JOHN W. WARD

75 ● Second Impressions
by ROBERT M. WALLACE

75 ● On the Edge (poem)
by DENISE LEVERTOV

76 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

77 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

78 ● Art
by MAURICE GROSSER

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 80)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Jan. 24, 1959. Vol. 188, No. 4

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1959, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1959
VOLUME 188, No. 4

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Cloture Is Not the Issue

Senator Johnson has scored another of his easy biennial triumphs over the Senate's feckless liberals and, once again, the main point at issue has been overlooked. The issue is not the filibuster, but a hoary collection of rotten boroughs in the South that are grossly overrepresented in Washington in terms of the percentage of qualified citizens permitted to vote. These rotten boroughs continue to exist, not because of the filibuster, but because of a tacit bipartisan accord. Both parties, for different reasons, find them useful. If the Administration did not approve of them, it would not have refrained, as it did this year, from entering a candidate against Senator Byrd. If the Republican leadership were really opposed to the Dixiecrat bloc, it would long since have built an authentic Republican organization at every level, in every Southern state. Men like Senator Bridges much prefer to deal with Southern Senators, who are not subject to genuine democratic discipline: a national trend does not disturb the Dixiecrats; if one dies or retires, he will be replaced by another, often worse, specimen of the same breed. Now and then a Dixiecrat is defeated at the primary, but the power of the bloc remains virtually intact from session to session. The Dixiecrats can make deals and keep them; they face no real political competition, on the basis of issues, so long as they do not permit themselves to be outflanked on the racial issue, nor are they responsible to the full constituency they fraudulently purport to represent.

On the other hand, the Democratic Party has its own reasons for being pleased by the rotten-borough system. Over the years this system has assured the Democrats a safe bloc of electoral votes, for which they do not have to campaign, as well as a strong Democratic contingent in Congress.

Leaders of both parties may huff and puff, and the liberals of both parties can continue to play politics with civil rights and exhort against the filibuster, but the fact is that there is little will in either party to undercut the Dixiecrat bloc. Filibusters or cloture, the rotten boroughs can be eliminated if the general public, North and South, East and West, will keep its attention fixed on the main issue. This issue, as always, stems from the fact that a vote in Yoknapatawpha—which is to say, a white vote—is worth many times the value of a vote in Yonkers. This is the issue that continues to be obscured by the biennial twin clamors: "Lyndon is a genius" and "Lyndon is a dog." The electorate should let the leadership of both parties know that it is aware of their joint responsibility for the continued tolerance of these rotten boroughs and it should insist that the bipartisan accord which sanctions them be terminated. Nowadays even the natives of Kenya and the Congo will not tolerate a system whereby "white" representatives speak for non-voting blacks.

Madisonless Mikoyan

A number of magazine, newspaper and radio stories had Boris Krylov, cultural attaché of the Soviet Embassy, shopping around for a New York public-relations firm to handle the visit of Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan. Queried by this paper, Mr. Krylov called the story "absolutely false." Subsequent events have demonstrated that, whatever Mr. Mikoyan's motives and strategy may be, he doesn't need a press agent. Witness a few of the items in his cross-country tour: (1) visit to a supermarket (Mikoyan photographed pushing a shopping cart through the aisles and to the checkout counter); (2) presentation of the troika to Cyrus Eaton and riding on the running board, in automotive terminology, for the photographers; (3) visit to the home of a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge in Chicago and holding the veteran's 15-month-old daughter on his lap (Associated Press Wirephoto); (4) Truman-like repartee with the news photographers and reporters everywhere; (5) meeting with Governor Brown of California under the state flag, which providentially displays an amiable-looking bear; (6) embracing the ten-year-old daughter of the San Francisco police captain who escorted him around the town; (7) embracing Dina Merrill, a delectable actress, and kissing Jerry Lewis on a movie set; (8) bearing with equanimity the boos and missiles of Hungarian demonstrators (including also Robert Morris, former counsel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee); (9) casually dropping a hint that Molotov was to be partially rehabilitated as ambassador to The Hague; (10) cadging an invitation to address the Economic Club of New York, which many a banker pines for in vain.

And the end is not yet. "My Armenian rug salesman," as Khrushchev calls him, doesn't need Madison Avenue. Madison Avenue needs him.

Sadder but Braver

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is getting out of the political-police business. At a meeting last week it voted to revoke the amendment to its by-laws which forbids the presentation of an Oscar (Oscar-presentation being the primary business of the Academy) to anyone who declines to swear that he is not a Communist.

The Academy has not become an agent of Moscow; it is just tired of looking silly. Last year it handed an Oscar to one Robert Rich, listed as having written *The Brave One*. Mr. Rich could not be found when the time for statuette distribution came around and was darkly suspected of being a "Fifth Amendment" writer in disguise. As we recall, a fellow named Robert Rich did put in for the Oscar, but his only connection with the picture appeared to be the slight one that nobody had ever asked him whether he was a Communist.

This year, it seems likely, Oscars will go to various people associated with *The Defiant Ones*, a picture written by two men, one of whom has invoked the same malodorous amendment. Could the Academy give an Oscar (or perhaps half an Oscar) to half a writing team? This prospect was potentially so ludicrous that the Academy's governors have issued a statement saying that, since they don't hire picture personnel, they cannot be responsible for the political aberrations of such personnel and will in future "honor achievements as presented." Some people have to learn the hard way.

Labor Policy and Race Policy

The NAACP has publicly censured the go-slow race policy of the AFL-CIO. According to an NAACP report, "All too often there is a significant disparity between the declared policy of the national AFL-CIO and the day-to-day reality as experienced by Negro earners in the North as well as in the South." The declared policy of the labor federation is total opposition to bias; the reality is that, despite a reduction in the number of unions which have Jim Crow clauses in their constitutions, discriminatory practices continue. Even before the NAACP made public its complaint, Herbert Hill, the association's labor secretary, had turned over to the AFL-CIO a memorandum documenting nine instances of racial discrimination by federation affiliates. The memorandum was not rendered more palatable by the fact that two of the unions it cites are headed respectively by George Harrison, a member of the AFL-CIO Civil Rights Committee, and George Meany, the AFL-CIO president.

To close observers of the labor scene, the only surprise in the NAACP's public censure of the labor movement is that it has been so long in coming. James Carey recognized the situation two years ago, and as a gesture of protest resigned as first chairman of the federation Civil Rights Committee. It is true, but hardly relevant, that most of the bias is found in the former A.F. of L. craft unions; in today's merged federation, every union head is his brother's keeper—or should be. The truth is that the AFL-CIO leadership is acting like Senator Lyndon Johnson, and on precisely the same theory: unity must prevail. Unity is supposed to mean strength, but where is the strength in a policy that violates common decency and makes an enemy of a large segment of the labor force? And how can organized labor escape the charge of hypocrisy when it argues for intergration in the classroom while condoning segregation in the union hall?

Group Think: About What?

In its issue of January 19, *Newsweek* reveals a great boon that Providence has seen fit to bestow on the country. "The Fabulous 'Think' Companies" is *Newsweek's* name for it, and under the caption there is a picture of the Rand Corporation's square-block headquarters in Santa Monica, California, a graceful creation of modern architecture set off by petticoat palms and other flora of the island in the sun. Within these walls "the enemy surrenders, bombs fall, and satellites whirl." Not literally, of course: Rand's 800 employees, of whom 141 are Ph.D.'s, merely think about these pleasant things, on an annual budget of $13 million which is provided by the Air Force. Other think-factories are Johns Hopkins University Operations Research Office, with a staff of 450 and a $4.5 million budget. Johns Hopkins thinks for the Army. Stanford Research Institute (budget $17 million), does the bulk of its thinking for a variety of government agencies.

All these outfits think on a non-profit basis, but others are impelled by the profit urge as well as patriotic zeal. *Newsweek* estimates that hiring brains accounted for $1.4 billion of the nation's outlay for research and development.

What are the thinkers like? One is depicted as a "blackboard brooder"—the blackboard, which used to be associated with the 3-A primary class, having become the indispensable prop of the modern Athenaeum. Another, "watcher of the shape of war," is scanning a map studded with missiles and simultaneously making notes and dictating into a microphone. Still another, having done his thinking for the day, is playing chess for relaxation. Although these thinkers are depicted in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solitude, the final act of creation, like movie-writing in Hollywood, is done in collaboration. It pays pretty well: $15,000 salaries are not uncommon, and a non-executive thinker may earn up to $25,000. If he is an executive *and* a thinker, he can really get some jack for himself.

There is, however, one absolute prohibition, and that is thinking which would tend toward what Veblen (an outdated thinker) called the enhancement of life. The Rand-type thinkman thinks only about death and how to inflict it on a supergargantuan scale. Daily he faces the horrors of nuclear conflict, of course to the end that these horrors shall never come to pass. But, come or not, that is the one thing he is permitted to juggle in his mind. Such topics as cancer research, how to take up the slack in employment if peace should break out, the problems of juvenile delinquency and the galloping spread of neuroses—these are not for the group intellectual. Hopkins O.R.O. did indeed do a job on race prejudice, but it was only to integrate Negro troops for combat in Korea. The men of the brain centers do not rove aimlessly over the intellectual terrain, or devote themselves to quaint good works; they go in space suits, holding the Strategic Air Command by the hand. And at Rand alone they consume 40,000 gallons of coffee yearly, which figures out to four cups per man per day and no doubt in some cases an ulcer or two.

More Precious Than Gold

Preston Moore, national commander of the American Legion, declares that the legion is "seriously alarmed about the internal security of the United States" and even more alarmed by the "scrimping" on external defense. He said a $41.2 billion defense budget ($47 billion with AEC and military assistance) was not enough and that at least $5 billion more should be spent. The President's plaintive rejoinder was that 60 per cent of the budget is already going for defense and that certain bombers literally cost their weight in gold. This inspired the Washington bureau of the New York *News* to do some figuring. Gold is priced at $35 an ounce or $420 for a troy-weight (12-ounce) pound. The Air Force B-58, recently cut back, weighs 47,000 pounds without crew, fuel or bombs. It costs $26,700,000, or $567 a pound. The Navy goes this one better. Its A-3J bomber weighs 27,000 pounds and costs $17,600,000, or over $650 a pound.

Concerning itself with missiles rather than bombers, *Business Week* (January 10) found that an Atlas ICBM, in production cost alone, is worth its weight in solid silver. If the cost of research and development be added, plus that of the necessary supporting equipment, then the Atlas is worth its weight in gold, synthetic sapphires, or industrial diamonds.

So it goes. The President and George Humphrey, the former Secretary of the Treasury, may beat their breasts, but the bombers and rockets are going to cost still more. An article by Alfred R. Zipser in *The New York Times* (January 12) begins, "Many defense contractors pressed the Government hard last year for bigger profits and it looks as if they may get them this year." One of the chief agitators for "incentives" was Ralph J. Cordiner, chairman of the General Electric Company, who generally gets what he goes after. The Air Force and Navy are initiating "incentive programs" under which re-negotiation proceedings will be nullified. The time is fast approaching when no one will say that such-and-such is worth its weight in gold. They will say that it is worth, pound for pound, as much as a missile, and everyone will understand.

Lion Feuchtwanger

It is often said of writers who suffer exile that the tearing of roots they experience destroys their future energy. It may often be true — it was not true of Lion Feuchtwanger, author of *Success, The Oppermanns, Jew Suss*, the *Josephus* trilogy and a host of other novels, who died late last month at his home in Pacific Palisades.

Under Wilhelm and under Hitler, Feuchtwanger wrote as the implacable enemy of irresponsible power. In America he carried on precisely the same war. In recent years, he had denounced atomic testing and segregation; he assumed his place as an American by generously applauding the country for its virtues and sturdily scolding it for its faults. More important, he never doubted his allegiance to humanity at large. A few days before his death he told a visitor: "I believe in the future of mankind, and I think I can prove it. There's a law of evolution that life goes random but directed and, despite all detours, the history of mankind goes directed toward reason." A man animated by that credo is not uprooted — either in his short life or in his long fame.

ACLU on Security Cases

In last week's issue of *The Nation*, we commented editorially (page 42) on a brief filed by the American Civil Liberties Union in the case of William L. Greene. In the editorial, we criticized the ACLU for taking the position that defendants in security cases are entitled to confront witnesses against them only when the witnesses are professional informers. Our comment was based on a story by Anthony Lewis in *The New York Times*; we now learn that while Mr. Lewis' account in an earlier edition of that newspaper was correct, the version in the Late City Edition, which we read, had been distorted by condensation. The truth is that the ACLU brief argued that defendants in security cases should have opportunity to confront *all* witnesses against them, whether professional informers or not. We are delighted to be advised of the ACLU's real position.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TERROR IN CUBA? . . *by Carleton Beals*

Havana, Jan. 16

IN LESS THAN a week after the flight of Batista and his generals, the great city of Havana resumed its normal busy routine. It is more peaceful now than it was for years under Batista's rule, when scarcely a night went by without fighting, bombing or the murder of citizens by the army and the police.

The wrecked gambling machines have been carted away; the casinos and hotels housing them have been boarded up. The mountains of garbage that piled up during the four days' general strike have been shoveled into garbage trucks which moved through the night. This afternoon a sound truck, with scantily-attired show girls and huge signs advertising a new night club, nosed through the streets. The last stubborn revolutionary splinter group, defiantly holding the university, has reluctantly surrendered its arms and tanks, and the July 26 militiamen have had to do the same, except when on duty. Fewer armed men are to be seen in the streets than in Batista's day, though they stand out more because of their precocious beards.

Not all of Cuba can present such a quick, smiling outcome. This city suffered more from confusion, due to the broken line of authority, than from actual violence. But Santa Clara bears the scars of three days of battle—one whole block of homes leveled by planes, buildings damaged by bombing and artillery, bazookas and tank fighting. Much of Oriente Province is in a sad state.

But the sugar will get harvested. Though bridges are out and tracks torn up the length and breadth of Cuba, the Government is confident it can patch up transportation well enough so that the *zafra,* or cane-cutting and grinding, can begin almost at once. In liberated Cuba, machinery for damaged mills is already coming in, and repairs elsewhere are under way. Eighty important bridges have been rebuilt. If the war had continued another three months, the sugar crop would almost surely have been largely lost, and the prospect would have been bad even for next year. As it is, though perhaps close to a fourth of the cane fields have been burned, production promises to reach nearly six million tons, a near-record.

Deeper than any physical scars are the human scars. Families have been broken up; approximately 100,000 Cubans had to flee into exile during the Batista regime. They are returning now from nearly every country on the globe. Some will find their homes burned down or their families tortured and killed because of their opposition to the dictatorship. The actual fighting may have cost five thousand lives. It is estimated that fifteen thousand more were killed (and usually tortured horribly) by Batista's soldiers, police and the hoodlums of Senator Rolando Masferrer, who struck murderously in the dark at anyone supposed to have looked cross-eyed at the dictator.

Drawing by Berger

The story is almost too gruesome to be told. I have looked at the torture instruments in police stations and barracks; I have seen the mangled bodies of unknown persons being dug up in barracks and the pitiful queues of weeping relatives hoping to identify a loved one who has vanished. I have seen deposits of human fingernails and toenails, yanked out of live victims, and human eyes that were gouged out. It is almost a Buchenwald story, the crimes committed by this clever little dictator so pampered by our State Department in both Democratic and Republican days.

The restraint of the Cuban people, who have suffered these indignities and terrors for so long, is indeed remarkable. The treatment accorded some of the worst criminals in uniform by Castro's militia has, with exceptions, been considerate. I was not unduly upset, however, to learn that Jacinto Menocal, one of the worst, had been killed in Pinar del Rio Province trying to escape. The stories vary: he was killed by his two subordinates because of the money he was carrying; he was killed in the attempt to capture him. His method, followed by his underlings, had been to pour gasoline on his victims and set them on fire. There is considerable evidence that he is the one who burned my friend Octavio Seigle alive twenty-five years ago — for all of Batista's crimes are not recent.

It is impossible to check all cases, but so far as I have been able to ascertain, the number of such persons executed without trial has not been large and occurred during the first few days after Batista fled. Some militiamen have been jailed for shooting prisoners. In all other cases, even in the stress of battle conditions, prisoners have been given a trial with a defense attorney, have been confronted with witnesses. This may not be ideal, but in general the people of Cuba and the rebel forces seem to be aware that if they commit the same crimes as Batista, they will have gained nothing, that the revolution will have been lost.

Dissimilar to Batista days, the names of all prisoners are given to the public at once. On request, the authorities have permitted representatives of the press to see them and talk with them. That is not

---

CARLETON BEALS is a veteran correspondent and author of a score of books on South America. This is his second dispatch from Havana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done if you have been torturing somebody, and is all the more remarkable in that victory has been assured only a few days, that the horizon is still dark, the revolution far from cemented. It seems that most Cubans really want liberty and law, which have been denied them for so many years. And peace! It is perhaps indicative that signs of mourning in dress, usually a prolonged business in Latin countries, are rarely seen, as though people here believe that death has not been in vain.

NOTHING reveals lack of American understanding of social forces in Latin America, or the immediate situation, better than the false statement in a recent issue of *Time*: "Castro . . . the biggest voice in the land . . . gave signs of capricious temper. On his order Havana was closed down until early this week by a pointless general strike that cut food supplies and kept nerves on edge." Actually the strike was necessary to save the revolution, to provide popular discipline, to prevent worse chaos; and it was one instrument which may have shortened the fighting by many months. The order was issued New Year's Day after Batista had fled during the night. Castro did not yet control Santiago. He had dickered with General Eulogio Cantillo to deliver the plaza peacefully on December 31 at three p.m. Instead, Cantillo high-tailed it to Havana and tried to double-cross the revolution. He permitted Batista and his cohorts to escape, set up a military junta which included General Pedraza—for twenty five years the worst killer of the Batista regime—and sought to install Manuel Piedra, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a bitter enemy of everything representing justice, as president. It was gross treachery, and if such a bayonet regime had consolidated itself in Havana even for a few days, it might have meant months of fighting.

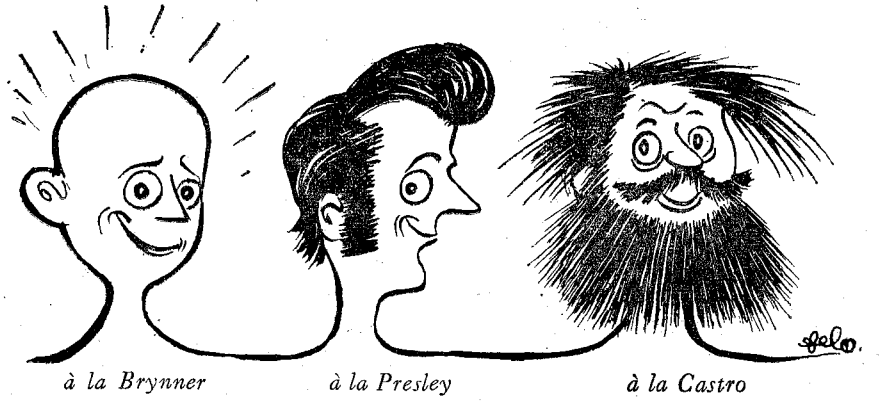
Havana was man-bait, the most corrupt city on the continent. The gangsters and gamblers and Batista had fled, but many Batista supporters remained. "The Tigers," the killers of Masferrer, were still on the loose, though their leader had fled in his private yacht to Key West. Camp Columbia was in Cantillo's hands. La Cabaña, the other strong point of Havana, was still held by Batista forces. There were other enemies, even more subtle. In Havana was the head of a U.S. oil company which had arranged for the planes, bombs and munitions from England to wipe out the rebels. And here in this city was the pivot of all the behind-scenes sugar and mining and banking and public-utility magnates who had grown fat at the Batista pie-counter. Here was Ambassador Smith, whose great crony in Havana was Porfirio Rubirosa, Ambassador for Trujillo. Castro did not venture into Havana until after President Urrutia and his Cabinet had transferred the Government from Santiago and loyalties had been tested. The new President's installation on Monday, January 5, was delayed five hours, while Castro's commander dickered the Directorate out of the Palace. Nor did Castro come until he had rallied the whole island behind him. By then he had made his position clear in repeated speeches en route; by then he had become the one overpowering figure on the island; by then Havana was anxious to receive him, turned out in the greatest demonstration in its history, as he rolled in with his tanks and his veterans from the Sierra Maestra.

THE TWO major goals of the revolution appear to be, aside from educational projects, organization of the people's army and land reform. Ninety per cent of Castro's forces are peasants. His first notable act on landing on Oriente Province from the *Gamma* in 1956 had been to shoot a land-grabber who had been killing peasants, and he followed this at once by restoring the land of those ousted and giving land to others as territory was liberated. His October military decree for land distribution has just been published, and will doubtless soon be made a law by the Urrutia Government. It provides for free land to all sharecroppers, tenants and *colonos*, land to be acquired either from large landowners or the public domain. Land has also been promised to all veterans of the revolution who wish to cultivate it and to all farm workers who wish to be independent. Castro expects to take care of more than 150,000 families. The law provides also for assistance to new landowners with government loans, supplies and technical assistance. A main objective will be to diversify farming, for it is absurd that a country with so rich a soil should be obliged to import foodstuffs at such high rates, especially as farm workers, tied to the sweat-shop sugar industry, earn scarcely enough to survive, let alone buy imported food.

His symbolic airplane raid over Oriente Province—to drop food and clothing for the suffering population—is scheduled to take place soon. The raid will coincide with a delayed celebration—the postponement was due to the revolution—of Twelfth Night, which for Cuban children replaces Christmas as gift-giving time. Lately, trucks loaded with toys and bicycles have been racing through Havana toward the military airport.

Good will, romance and glory are not lacking here.

Cuban Sidelight on the Revolution



à la Brynner *à la Presley* *à la Castro*

"How fashions change!" notes Actualidad *of Havana.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE KEYS TO BERLIN . . *by Jakob Altmaier*

Bonn, Germany

THE EXPLOSIVE Russian note of November 27, 1958, presented as an ultimatum and couched in the usual bombastic phrases of propaganda, speaks of Berlin as the "historic" capital of Germany. But this, like much of the rest of the note, is only a half-truth. Such German cities as Frankfurt, Nuremberg, Leipzig, Hamburg and Cologne—not to mention Vienna—were already powerful economic and political centers at a time when Berlin was no more than the administrative seat of a military colony off in a sandy wilderness. In the course of the centuries it spawned the Hohenzollern-ruled kingdom of Prussia, of which Mirabeau said that it was the only country in the world owned by an army.

Through wars and foreign military alliances, through conquests and annexations, this Prussia, ruled by feudal Junkers, chauvinistic generals and arbitrary princes, succeeded in expanding its borders from the Memel and Oder rivers to the Rhine and in conquering all North Germany to the Main. When Bismarck, himself a Prussian Junker, annexed Schleswig in 1864, defeated South Germany and the Vienna of the Hapsburgs, as well as the France of Napoleon III in 1870, he bestowed upon the king of Prussia the title of emperor of the newly founded German Reich. In Versailles, German unity was dictated from the top, and Berlin became the capital.

UP TO THE turn of the century, however, the city was known colloquially — and derogatively — as "Prussian Berlin." To the South Germans and Rhinelanders, Paris was closer and more familiar. Actually, the great German unifying factor lay in the economic development of the individual German states, in the industrial revolution with its resultant labor movement and in its struggle for political and social equality. Until the end of the First World War, Prussia, which dominated the German empire, was the bulwark of German reactionaries, the domain of the Junker nobility and the militarists—the three-class state which did not even have a free, equal and secret ballot. Berlin, a constantly expanding city with a democratically-oriented bourgeoisie and a Social Democratic working class, which together formed the majority of the population, became the backbone of the young German democracy. But this did not happen until November, 1918, when the monarchs and generals were overthrown and the empire was turned into a democratic republic. That was when the people were truly unified, with Berlin as their capital.

It was only then that this straggler among the great cities of Europe became an equal among equals. Freed from all reactionary and military chains, this new and democratic Berlin brought unsuspected forces to the surface. From 1919 to 1924, Communist as well as monarchist-militaristic attempts to subject the city to their domination were frustrated by the Social Democratic labor movement, often in bloody street battles. Berlin became the most freedom-loving, the most tolerant, socially the most progressive city in Europe.

EVEN AFTER 1929, in the years of economic crises and mass unemployment, Hitler's National Socialist movement had a difficult time getting a foothold in Berlin. For the Jews, whose constructive contribution to the German capital's development can only be correctly assessed today, Berlin remained a haven up until the first war years. Hitler died a wretched death in Berlin, but he never lived there. It was the Hitlers, Goebbelses and Görings who very nearly razed the city, drew in the Russians and were responsible for the tragic fate and continuous suffering of its population—and no one in Germany knew this better than the Berliners. As last December's elections have shown, the overwhelming majority of them remained Social Democratic. Courageous toward the East, they remain skeptical of the West and its "policy of strength."

In West Germany, many muffled protests are heard against the authoritarian-minded Rhenish Catholic, Dr. Adenauer, whose most important political experience, in youth, was the struggle he witnessed of Bismarck and Protestant-ruled Prussia against the Catholic Church. People are saying that the Federal Chancellor's concern for Berlin and Germany's reunification is no more than lip service, that his heart has never been in it. It is now a year ago—January 23, 1958, to be exact—that this complaint was turned into an open and dramatic accusation. Dr. Dehler and Dr. Heinemann, two of his former Cabinet Ministers and among Germany's sharpest political thinkers, told him to his face that they were resigning from their posts because they had come to the conclusion that his policy had prevented Germany's reunification. Twice, in 1952 and 1955, Soviet Russia offered reunification. Bonn had disregarded these offers and influenced the Western powers to do likewise. Adenauer had chosen the "policy of strength" to bring Russia to its knees.

SILENT and pale, the Chancellor sat facing his accusers. Neither he nor any of his supporters dared to voice a denial. If anything is at all certain, it is that the "policy of strength" has ended in a fiasco. Russia has not been weakened throughout the cold war; on the contrary. If further proof were needed, it is the recent Berlin note with its ultimatum and threatening language. The Western powers were right when they unanimously rejected the Russian ultimatum, and if Moscow thought it could split the West by conjuring up the catastrophe of global war it made an error in calculation. However, merely by saying "No!" the West cannot solve the Berlin crisis. The German capital is still in danger, and so is peace. Nothing can be accomplished with useless notes, with an exchange of Homeric tirades and accusations. Behind the angry words, the armies are drawn up in battle formation: there is the

---

JAKOB ALTMAIER is a member of the Bundestag of the Federal German Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rattling of armor, atomic warheads stand ready. To solve the Berlin situation, together with the tension-charged German question, will require practical proposals to heal what Khrushchev described as the "festering sore."

IT WAS a good thing that the Western powers did not follow the initial reaction of West Germany's chief, who declared: "First of all, let us do away with the ultimatum." In their reply to Moscow, the Western powers and the Bonn Government reached the conclusion that Berlin is an integral part of German reunification which, in turn, can only be achieved within the framework of a European security pact. Not everything that is said about certain conditions in Berlin and West Germany in the Russian note of November 27, 1958, can be dismissed as stuff and nonsense. Neither is there any point in either of the parties insisting on certain old treaties and clauses. Since Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, no great power has ever allowed itself to founder on legalistic phrases and paragraphs.

Russia will never surrender its German pawn nor permit reunification so long as there is any danger that the West's bases for atomic artillery and atomic rockets will be advanced from the Rhine to the Elbe, so long as West Germany remains a military deployment area for the march against Russia and her satellites in Eastern Europe. Furthermore, the West German Army, at present 180,000 strong, will soon be equipped with nuclear weapons. It won't be long until it is again the strongest army in Western Europe. Even Senator Humphrey, who certainly cannot be accused of ignorance of the world situation and the balance of military strength, regards the atomic rearmament of West German forces as "inadvisable."

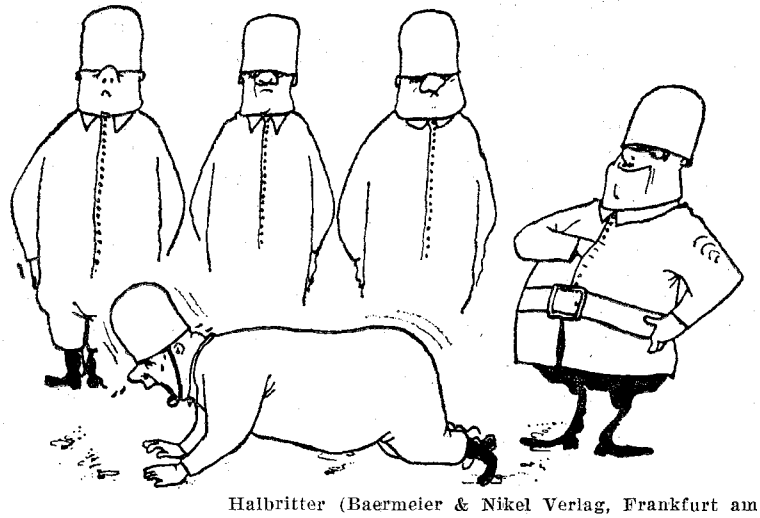
There can be no doubt about the existence of Soviet imperialism, no matter its disguise. But whatever Russia's blame in the current state of world affairs, the Western powers might do well to consider the experiences and sufferings of the Russian people, particularly with Hitler Germany, in two world wars. And if there is any single assertion that one dares to make in this context, it is that Russia will not tolerate a great German power, armed to the teeth and associated with NATO.

With respect to the technical advancements of our time, *Newsweek* of December 10, 1958, quoted Khrushchev as saying: "All military alliances are obsolete. The same is true for the Warsaw Pact. We are ready to throw it on the junk heap." We ought to take Khrushchev at his word, instead of acting like General Norstad—personally a likable man—when he reported to the NATO parliament, of which I am the German member. Last December, in Paris, when I asked him if Western Europe could be militarily secured against Russian attack, provided there was a demilitarized zone in the heart of Europe as suggested by Rapacki or Kennan, Norstad's "No" boomed like a gunshot into the deep silence of the assembly. If this is the unshakable opinion of the United States and the Western Allies, there will be no European security pact, and certainly no reunification of Germany and, of course, no solution of the Berlin crisis.

Rearmament continues; France is about to become an active member of the atomic suicide club; the cold war goes on—but how much longer until there is a catastrophe? The clock is ticking away. We cannot ignore, as is done in the case of Red China, the existence of an East German satellite state known as the "German Democratic Republic." So long as East and West cannot reach a global agreement, at least the local tensions which might trigger a general cataclysm must be eliminated. In their reply to Moscow, the Western powers did not slam the door on the Berlin conflict, but five months will soon be over, and therefore it is of immediate urgency to put out the smoldering flames of Berlin if only for the sake of all Germany and Europe.

THE CONFLICT of Berlin is not merely a problem of foreign policy: it shows also a strong German domestic coloration. It is true that Dr. Adenauer received an increasing number of votes in successive elections. But does this reflect a West German majority in favor of German rearmament? I think not. The voters were merely affirming the miracle of West German economic recovery. In 1945, whoever had no roof over his head, no bed, no chair, no clothes, no work and scarcely anything to eat, thought mainly in terms of gratifying his material needs: the loss of national unity was of secondary nature. Today the national question is beginning to take its proper place in people's minds. The effect of Berlin has been like a thunderclap, and the masses can feel the reverberations. Democracy must prove that it is the honest trustee of German unity and peace. "If strategic military expediency is put before political necessity," Fritz Erler recently said—and he is one of the most intelligent

A West German Artist Looks at His New Army



Halbritter (Baermeier & Nikel Verlag, Frankfurt am Main)

"I'm glad to be a soldier . . . glad to be a soldier . . . glad to be a soldier."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minds of the Adenauer opposition in the Bonn parliament—"then German democracy has once more no prospect for a future."

Strategic expediency of the Norstad type is bound to lead to Germany's rearming with atomic weapons, with consequences easily predictable. Fortunately, the West Germans themselves take a sinister view of nuclear armament, and I am not exaggerating when I say that, if a referendum were held, 80 per cent of the people, including pro-Adenauer voters, would be against atomic weapons. So why this artificial stimulation of militaristic instincts lying dormant in the German people?

If the West is seriously interested in furthering a military disengagement, the pursuit of strategic expediencies and the pointless provocation of the Soviet Union must stop. This is the only way toward unifying Germany and solving the Berlin crisis; and these accomplishments, in turn, would inevitably result in loosening the ties between the Soviet bloc and its Eastern bloc. The German people, whose own ties with the West are now closer than ever before, would exuberantly welcome such a policy. Disengagement and a corresponding military status for all Germany would banish the fear of Russia, as well as that of Poland and Czechoslovakia, of a German danger. Strategic expediency and military power can only result in a relapse into the era of Bismarck and the Kaiser. For the sake of German unity, German democracy and peace in general, let us abandon strategic and military expediency in favor of constructive diplomacy.

A FOOT IN THE FUTURE . . *by Frederic W. Collins*

Washington

ACCORDING to the strict usages of score-keeping, wherein there is only victory or defeat, the opening days of Congress did not seem like a very good time for insurrectionists. The only contest in which they really got across the goal line was the one in which Charles Halleck usurped the House GOP leadership, sending Joseph Martin into exile. House insurgents against the oligarchy of the Rules Committee faltered and gave up, and those opposing the seating of Dale Alford, the independent sticker-man from Little Rock, were routed. In the Senate, the established Republican regime, symbolized by Styles Bridges, turned back the challenge of a new order, symbolized by John Sherman Cooper, in a quarrel over the Republican leadership; and liberals of both parties seeking a change in Senate rules dashed their hearts out against the Lyndon Johnson autocracy. To survey such an array of battles and find Halleck as the sole victor is discouraging.

Yet in other than box-score terms there is encouragement to be had from these opening battles. Indeed, the very fact that they occurred is encouraging, and any appraisal going beyond the strict tallies of votes or the fact of the continuing power of Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson suggests that the forces of change did actually make some headway. In no recent Congress have they made such bold and open efforts as in this one, and because of that, the Congress — and the national direction — are going to be in some measure different.

The elevation of Mr. Halleck may be dismissed as almost meaningless. In their defeat and frustration, the House Republicans made a perhaps natural decision that what they needed was an operator instead of an institution, an angle-shooter instead of a parliamentary classicist, and they sure got one. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the memory of Joe Martin, a gentleman and a scholar in Congressional politics and a good friend of Sam Rayburn, that they will be desperately unhappy with Mr. Halleck. But the GOP minority in that branch of Congress, at this moment in history, is not going to accomplish much or even fail greatly, however led.

In the other battles, the case is different. If the House opponents of the arbitrary power of the Rules Committee won no change in procedure, and got nothing of any kind in writing, they did get Speaker Rayburn's word that he will do his best to bring issues to a vote in the House if the Rules Committee sets up its roadblocks. This is not going to be easy. Dissidents are still asking how Mr. Rayburn expects to persuade Howard Smith, committee chairman, not to go fishing for several weeks when measures he does not like come before his group. In principle, there is not much to be applauded in substituting the arbitrary benevolence of Mr. Rayburn for the arbitrary obstructionism of Mr. Smith. But Mr. Rayburn has nonetheless been required by the pressure for change to give a solemn engagement that issues can be decided on their merits by the whole membership of the House, and that must be scored as a significant gain.

As for Mr. Alford, he still faces an investigation of his election, which is bound to be educative either on the subject of the election itself or on the political morality of the investigating body.

THE FORCES of change scored even stronger gains in the Senate, within the Republican Party and within the Senate as a whole. In the Senate Republican leadership fight, Senator Bridges managed to install his man, Senator Dirksen, but Messrs. Bridges and Dirksen are not going to be the people they would have been had not Senator Aiken and Senator Cooper and the others made their fight. For one thing, the cherished theory that anything is better for the Republican Party than an open family fight was destroyed. That was the theory which enabled

---

FREDERIC W. COLLINS is the Washington correspondent of the Providence (R.I.) Journal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Taft and Senator Knowland to win leadership in their time (even such a parliamentary tactician as the late Arthur Vandenberg had shied away from a fight he wished very much he could bring himself to make against Mr. Taft). This time the fight took place, and Mr. Bridges and Mr. Dirksen now know that fourteen out of their delegation of thirty-four differ with them strongly enough to say so and do so publicly. The newer minds of the party won more than the election of Senator Kuchel as whip (and as such, one of the weekly group calling on the President). At one point in the Republican caucus, when Senator Bridges was trying to squeeze too much out of his slim majority, George Aiken told him, "If you want open war, we'll give it to you." He still can, and a boss working under such a threat is no longer an absolute monarch.

THE bipartisan liberal group seeking a change in the rules fell far short of what it wanted, but it, too, made some gains in the compromise revision of rules promulgated by Senator Johnson. The unhappy truth is that the liberals wanted more than they had a right to, judged by reasonable standards of common sense, political ethics and practicality. They made the fatal error of not having the votes — or, really, of shaping a cause for which they couldn't get enough votes. The votes against them registered a majority's judgments on the almost intangible issues of sound parliamentary practice which were involved. Some day, when they are in a minority on some fundamental issue, they will have occasion to be thankful that they didn't get all they wanted, although they may continue to be regretful that they didn't get somewhat more. But conceivably the most useful lesson of their experience, if they learned it, is that idealism needs skillful politics to make it effective. Beyond any question, Paul Douglas and his group lost votes rather than gained them as the fight progressed, and the fault was not Lyndon Johnson's, but their own. Two days before the decisive roll call on opening day they had forty-three votes. They showed up with thirty-six on the tally. From then on, bad generalship cost them their hope of recouping.

But even the substantial moral victories here described would be mere transitory exercises of minor significance if they did not display a rather close connection with an evident trend of political thought in the country at large. What happened in the House and Senate at the opening of the new Congress had its roots in the last election. If the forces of change did not succeed in completing the tasks to which they were directed by the electorate, they at least set the effort in motion. To call them the forces of change is not to resort to an easy and casual description. It is certainly quite in order that a people standing on the threshold of space should stir to urgings for changes just as, standing on the threshold of a new world, they stirred in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Senator Aiken and Senator Cooper and the others may not think in quite these terms, but they at least know something is going on. The period of rest, tranquillity and harmony which Mr. Eisenhower was summoned to preside over has run its course, and the signal is again forward.

THIS THE PRESIDENT does not seem to grasp. His 1959 State of the Union message is a call for nothing more than some internal improvements in the status quo. Looking at the message, and looking at what has been happening in Congress these opening days, it is necessary to revise the estimates of a month ago ["Can Congress Assume Leadership?" by Frederic W. Collins, *The Nation*, December 13, 1958] and look forward to a much greater Congressional initiative than had been expected. It was not until Mr. Eisenhower defined so precisely his own commitment to the present — and wistfully, to the past — that it became possible to realize the extent to which the initiative must in truth be forced upon Congress. No one seems yet to have caught up with the cosmic joke Mr. Eisenhower got off in his promise to appoint a committee of non-political persons to define goals for the nation, and the means of reaching them. The joke does not lie simply in the fact that

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Don't Go Getting Any Ideas, Son."

Mr. Eisenhower, since 1953, has had more than 2,000,000 people working for him in the Executive Branch who should have been able to supply him with all the goals his heart desired. It does not lie in his implicit rejection of politicians as authors of national goals. It does not lie in the irony of this proposal from the leader of the party which hounded the National Resources Planning Board as a hotbed of "thinkers." It does not lie in the grotesque resemblance of his project to one of Mr. Khrushchev's Seven Year Plans. The greatest dimensions of the joke lie in the fact that by this device, which was editorially hailed as forward-looking and imaginative, Mr. Eisenhower can guarantee that any bother with national goals and the efforts to meet them will be postponed until he is safely out of the White House. No more ingenious means of staving off the future while retaining credit for acknowledging its inevitability could possibly have been devised.

But this is not going to be enough for Congress: not for the Democrats, who wish to make space their constituency, nor for those restive Republicans who have learned that the status quo does not win elections. In general, the order of business promises to be the submission by Mr. Eisenhower of a series of proposals for managing the present, and a series of alterations by Congress designed to give national policy the forward look the voters called for back in 1958.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RIBICOFF REMEDY . . *by David Cort*

IT WILL BE generally agreed that the foremost enemy of Man is himself. But here I would like to isolate this strange schizophrenia in a single area. Two small examples:

On a quiet Saturday afternoon, a distinguished and well-loved lawyer and his wife were walking across an avenue, *at the intersection and with the green light*, when a neighboring lady, driving across in the opposite direction in some haste, fearing that the light would soon turn red, made a left turn directly into the faces of these two pedestrians. They were unrecognizable and dead. In the newspaper stories, there being at that time in New York City a campaign against "jaywalking," the couple were naturally described as "jaywalkers," because they were dead.

On another evening a delivery driver for the New York *Daily News* ran directly across the path of an oncoming, screaming fire engine and didn't quite, qui-i-i-te, make it. Two firemen were badly hurt, one nearly lost his sight, the truck driver was slightly jarred. The driver had a record of countless traffic violations *and five convictions*. This incident was absolutely ignored, not only by the *News* but by every other New York City newspaper. Why? Because this union, which has lately gone further and shut down the whole New York press for nineteen days, wouldn't have liked it.

The news driver and the lady were not going anywhere very urgent; indeed, in their whole lives, it may be doubted whether they are going anywhere much. They were sorry to have hurt anybody, though they may have hurt others. Both were far less important to the whole society than the people they maimed or killed. Better to have maimed or killed *them* than their victims. And both are still busily on the business of maiming and killing, always with the tears streaming, and the remorse, which little by little diminishes.

DAVID CORT, former Time-Life *editor and author of* The Big Picture *and* The Calm Man, *is a frequent contributor.*

A sort of concern, very largely ineffectual or hypocritical, over this slaughter is a condition of the present American society. We will now briefly review, while we still have our hats off out of respect for the lawyer and his wife and the two firemen, some of these rich and powerful expressions of concern.

1. Fortune, September, 1958, in "The Nonsense About Safe Driving," John D. Williams, head of the Math division of the Rand Corporation, says tartly: "I am sure that there is, in effect, a desirable level of automobile accidents — desirable, that is, from a broad point of view; in the sense that it is a necessary concomitant of things of greater value to society." Mr. Williams' greater value is buying automobiles; his lesser value is killing people. These values can be respectfully noted.

2. National Safety Council estimate of people injured by motor vehicles in 1957: 1,400,000.

3. Insurance companies' estimate: 2,500,000.

4. U.S. Public Health Service estimate: 4,500,000.

5. Guy E. Mann, vice president of Aetna Casualty and Surety Company, addressing the International Association of Chiefs of Police, Miami Beach, October 28, 1958: "It takes a few minutes for the significance of those discrepancies to penetrate human understanding, it is so shocking." (The reference is to the discrepancies shown above.) "... Approximately 12,000,000 motor vehicle accidents in the country each year . . . the figure keeps going up and up and up . . . economic loss from $5,200,000,000 to $7,250,000,000 per year. . . . The only thing we are sure of is that the figures we possess are pure minima, including deaths. . . . At heart, the people of this country want traffic safety. Every opinion poll ever taken proves that beyond question. But these same polls show that nine out of ten Americans believe they are above-average drivers. And, curiously enough, *all* of those with a record of traffic violations rated themselves above average."

6. Several universities, including Cornell and California, are doing crash-injury research. Cornell has produced an exhibition car which can stand a head-on collision at fifty miles an hour without injuring the people inside, in contrast to the superb killing and maiming characteristics of the cars on sale. Harvard is beginning a five-year study of accidents with a team that will get to the scene right after the accident (but not, unfortunately, before).

7. And then, of course, there is Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut, who means business. In 1956 he took the hair-raising political risk of ordering that the licenses of all convicted speeders, *without exception*, be revoked for 30 days, those of second offenders for 60 days, third offenders indefinitely and, later, fourth offenders (without a license) be fined $500 and/or jailed six months. Ribicoff had to refuse to intervene in the license-suspensions of friends and big politicians. One man wrote him, "Is it your policy to make bums out of solid citizens?" But the deaths dropped by thirty-eight that year and have kept on dropping. And Ribicoff was handsomely re-elected. A poll showed that Ribicoff's program was favored by 60 per cent of the people, but overwhelmingly opposed by drivers who had ever been stopped for speeding.

"It appears that the 1959 cars will be wider than this year's, which were wider than last year's. It does not appear, however, that any thought was given to the number of people who will be killed or injured as a result of the extra four inches of car space that will be occupied by two passing cars. . . ."—*New York State Traffic Safety Policy Coordination Committee, 1958 Report.*

BUT EVEN Ribicoff's program is far from enough. All thinking about traffic accidents is crippled by two ineradicable difficulties. First, it is impossible, in non-mathematical terms, to describe an accident, which is a continually changing, but mutually influenced, set of relationships in space and time. Witnesses never see it all, or see it the same way. Even a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We have learned an ironic thing. People will not slow down to save their lives. But they will slow down to save their drivers' licenses."— *Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut.*

movie would not adequately show all the elements in an accident.

The critical elements are in the brains of the various drivers and pedestrians. And this is a subject far trickier than nuclear physics.

As a human being slides behind the wheel of a car, he actually begins to feel brave. At the wheel, a man is reminded of his manhood, a woman of her virtue and rightness. The custom is to smile gently at such vanity and folly. Stop smiling. That folly is a killer.

A sensible young lady was actually heard to say on a Monday, while driving rather aggressively, "I'm sick and tired of these pedestrians," and on the following Friday, while walking rather recklessly, "I'm sick and tired of these drivers."

This schizophrenia is, however, universally shared, and the second, pedestrian half of it is dominant when we are walking in the areas near our home or working-place — the areas where we feel safe and authoritative and where most pedestrians are hit.

The driver, intent on his superior and momentous business, feels toward a pedestrian a good deal like a soldier in combat toward a civilian native who gets into the line of fire. A feudal mounted knight may have felt so toward a heavy-footed serf. But in the modern case, knight and serf are the *same person at different times*. But generally he prefers to forget the serf-time and to think of himself in his knight-time.

Two real solutions are available for the traffic slaughter. The first is inevitable, the second volitional.

First, the automobile has flooded the courts with 75 per cent of the cases now on the calendar — personal-injury cases. A few records have been compiled for the years between 1940-41 and 1956-57. Between those years, in the Supreme Court of New York's Brooklyn and Staten Island, the average jury award in personal-injury cases rose from $3,740 to $16,957. In the Bronx and Manhattan, it went from $6,518 to $20,499. In the five counties just north of New York City, it went from $2,876 to $16,808. For the Supreme Courts of all the counties of the state, it rose from $3,490 to $11,188, up 321 per cent.

These astonishing figures naturally made the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, whose members had paid most of these bills, turn a deathly green.

AND SO they tried two more counties, Cook in Illinois and Creek in Oklahoma. In Circuit Court of Cook County, the average jury award in personal-injury cases, between 1947 and 1957, ballooned from $7,690.06 to $31,397.19. In Superior Court, it went from $9,566.11 to $21,010.70. But Creek County, Oklahoma, was the bonanza of them all. Average jury awards rocketed up, between 1947 and 1957, 3,500 per cent. In the latter year, there was one jumbo verdict of $650,000. Eliminating that (but why?) and modifying the low 1947 figure with another, bloodier year, the rise was still 573 per cent.

Pleased for the plaintiffs as one must feel, that is not quite the whole of the matter. Insurance companies do not let themselves be plundered. In this same period auto-insurance rates have also been rising. In Connecticut the companies have just filed for a new increase averaging 19.3 per cent for the state and up to 34.7 per cent in Hartford. In Missouri the companies have been granted a new 10 per cent increase, piled on earlier raises of 63 per cent and up. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says the higher rates are required by a combination of independent evils: drivers are incorrigibly feckless; garages, doctors and hospitals are incorrigibly greedy, and manufacturers are incorrigibly irresponsible in making new cars ten times as expensive to repair. A crumpled fender which one could once hammer out oneself, now calls for half a new side-assembly; the wrap-around windshield is impossible to repair, etc.

The groups mentioned by the *Post-Dispatch* are not in conspiracy to raise insurance rates, but they might as well be. The safest possible prediction is that the rates will go up and up and up. In that case, prediction becomes still safer and easier. Only the rich will be able to afford auto insurance. The unpropertied and young will drive without it, and when their small wages are attached for damages, will simply move away to become an itinerant labor population. The propertied laboring and middle classes, who cannot meet insurance payments but can be bankrupted by damage claims, will either have to do without cars or be pauperized.

This is the first solution to traffic promised earlier. It involves a strictly up-to-date, 100 per cent American version of the decline and fall of Ancient Rome. I hope there is *somebody* who will make a profit out of it but I can't see who, unless he would be the Gibbon of a future civilization.

To get to the second possible solution, let us look at an example of the reality: an intersection I know, a northbound one-way avenue crossed by a westbound one-way street which serves as an exit from a throughway. The lights on the avenue are staggered. Say the lights on the avenue turn red. What happens? The first row of cars and trucks goes through the red light. The second row reflects, "Why not me too?" and goes through. One or two of the third row follow along, naturally at increased speeds. The pedestrians meanwhile are inching out, and the cars on the side street are pushing forward, blowing their horns, because the cars behind them are blowing theirs.

Now the first side-street car comes sweeping in a sharp right turn into the avenue, blowing the pedestrians back. One man makes a dash across his front and is stopped by the second car making a wide right turn. The later cars put on speed to stay right on the tails of the cars ahead. Finally the pedestrians — all "natives" of this intersection: a mother and baby-carriage, a crippled old man, a young man with a heel blister — manage to get into the middle of the avenue.

"Engineering improvement in [car] safety design and restraining devices would materially reduce the injury and fatality rate (estimates range from 20,000 to 30,000 lives saved annually)." — *Harvard Law Record, December 11, 1958.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whereupon the lights, naturally, change. This is the open hunting season on people. They can now be legally killed, though not legally taken home. The immediate danger, however, is from the last side-street cars speeding through the light at up to forty miles an hour, and from the cars moving up from a block south on the avenue, also roaring at speed through the breaks in the line ahead.

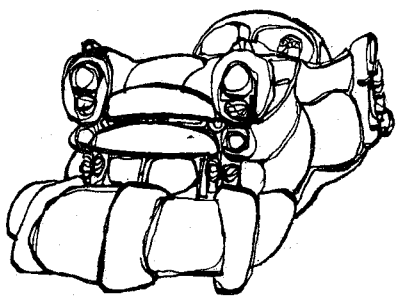
This is the scene *at the intersection with the lights.*

Dreadful as it is in fact, in operation, hour after hour, day after day, every step is perfectly human and understandable. One step leads to another; and the last step is 38,000 quick deaths a year, at least that many slow deaths, hundreds of thousands of cripples — and higher insurance rates.

The original, causative guilt in any accident is almost impossible to find, retroactively, but to the bystander the dangerous, unconsciously wicked driver is all too obvious. The first car that caused the second car to do the killing is a block away by the time of the accident, and nobody even remembers it. The only conceivable answer in this dilemma is that the guilt for every accident lies on all the drivers of all the cars on all the streets and roads. This is the truth that is totally unacceptable, the confession that can never be made, the little margin of folly and evil that resides even in saints. For of the saint in an automobile, one must demand not even a dozen saintly acts a day, but an unbroken continuum, without exception, year after year. Since this is far too much to ask, we must fall back on other measures.

"Good" people try to find others who are demonstrably worse than themselves, such as drunken boys. "Efficient" people blame pedestrians for getting killed. Such a crusade is now under way in New York City, against "jaywalkers." Pedestrians are given tickets for jaywalking and, as a modest rider to the ordinance, drivers are directed to give pedestrians the right of way at the intersection with the lights. The rider turns out to be the key part of the campaign, at least at the heavily populated, policed intersections. The drivers, to their amazement, have to slow down and even stop before making a turn. A humorous columnist headlined his column: "Drivers Must Yield (Hey, Wanna Bet?)."

After a little of this, a perpetually virile tabloid, the New York *Daily Mirror*, editorialized: "The anti-jaywalking picture is not so rosy. Traffic has been decidedly slowed. Pedestrians get the green light first ahead of motorists making turns, and the result has been pileups and spillovers and *agonizing* delays." (Italics mine.) "Agonizing" is normally the suitable word for death and



maiming and grief and life-long loneliness, but to the *Daily Mirror* it is just the right word for being held up ten seconds on one's obsessive rounds.

TRAFFIC safety requires a very different tone of voice, that of good manners and human respect. The opposite (un-American?) attitude is to be seen in its finest flower on the streets of Moscow. A year ago, Moscow removed all speed limits and replaced the regulation that only four lanes of traffic could move abreast. Now the law of the jungle obtains. Cars rush at full speed at groups of pedestrians caught between curbs. Right turns are permitted on red lights. The only pedestrians able to cross the very wide downtown intersections, before the light changes, are those in perfect physical condition.

Here the voice of the pedestrian is not heard at all. Our second solution, therefore, is aimed at giving the pedestrian a greater voice.

The American citizen, as pedestrian, lives in a climate of half-conscious fear, impotence and frustration, as if he were a subject race. This is reflected in his general manners and morals and, in turn, his own tyrannous conduct when he becomes a motorist. The American, as motorist, is having his moral sense atrophied. After he has killed or maimed a fellow-citizen, he should impose his own penance and revoke his own license. But he never will.

The driver who will ultimately maim or kill is driving now in a way predictably calculated to do so, or to force someone else to do so. A hundred times a day he betrays himself to any observer, and leaves a wake of infuriated people behind him (or her). But no laws and no police force can stop this driver until he (she) has finally committed his (her) dreadful crime.

The solution is to enlist the American citizen, as pedestrian, to detect himself, as motorist.

Technically, it is easily done. The newspapers would announce a central office in any community where the citizen, as pedestrian, could send the noted license number of a car driven by the citizen, as motorist, that had moved in a menacing, reckless and ominous manner. This postcard (only postcards accepted) would have to give the writer's name, address and telephone number, the car's or truck's license number and the time and place of the performance. Anonymous cards would be thrown out.

Perhaps two file clerks and a good filing system would be required. This file would be reviewed at stated periods and anyone complained of by more than a determined number of pedestrians would be notified, or get a physical and psychiatric examination, or simply have his license revoked, or be given an unusually careful driver's test.

Both as pedestrian and as motorist, with such an arrangement, the American would be happier, calmer, better adjusted, and live longer.

A last word can be borrowed from Governor Ribicoff's Connecticut: no exceptions. And those two file clerks had better be unapproachable. Are there two such Americans left today? I believe there are at least three.

> ***"Motor vehicles have destroyed in a single decade wealth almost equivalent to the current national budget. . . . for every dollar spent [in 1957] for new cars, another fifty cents had to be paid for the cost of traffic accidents."—Guy E. Mann, Aetna Casualty and Surety Company.***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

English Lives and American Scholars

Richard D. Altick

ONE indisputable fact of modern literary life is that the biggest and most authoritative studies of the great British writers are now being produced by Americans. In the last twenty years most of the new "standard" lives of English authors have come, not merely from America, but specifically from American universities. The authoritative life of Shelley is the work of the late Newman Ivey White, of Duke. Just about everything one needs to know about Dickens is contained in two engrossing volumes by Edgar Johnson, of the City College of New York. Two other volumes, by Gordon N. Ray, vice president and provost of the University of Illinois, provide the fullest available account of Thackeray. A year or so ago Leslie Marchand, a professor at Rutgers, published a three-volume life of Byron. Robert Halsband of Hunter College has recently restored Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to fame. And Edward Nehls of Illinois has completed his three-volume "composite biography" of D. H. Lawrence (volume three will be out in February), a gigantic mosaic made up entirely of the verbatim written or spoken evidence of those who knew Lawrence.

Understandably, the British are not excessively happy about all this—as they show every time an English literary paper reviews, with a mixture of annoyance and admiration, an American biography of a British author. The academic origin of these books gives one explanation for the American appropriation of the biographical department in English literary scholarship. We are simply better equipped to do the job. In England, the study of literature traditionally has been in the hands of gifted men of leisure, or men of affairs whose avocation was books. Not until relatively recent times have there been many professional students and teachers of literature. (Only in the last sixty years, as a matter of fact, have the universities recognized English literature as a legitimate subject of study.) America, however, has always been short of talented amateurs. So, more or less by default, the serious historical and biographical study of literature (and, lately, criticism as well) has been centered on our campuses. And there the reigning spirit has been the one imported, along with our whole system of graduate education, from nineteenth-century Germany: a tradition that prizes thoroughness above all, devotion to the most rigorous methods of "scientific" historical research and evaluation of materials, virtual deification of the Fact. In England, the amateur spirit, a little less dedicated to exhaustiveness of research, a little more relaxed about the distinction between proved fact and pleasant fancy, has continued to prevail. Thus it is hardly surprising that American literary biographers are, in general, better trained than their English colleagues —and by the nature of their training more disposed—to turn out the encyclopedic works on which all subsequent study of great authors must rest.

To be sure, there are a few professors in England who are just as well equipped for such enterprises. But they can't get the money that permits American writers to take time off from teaching to travel in search of material, or to buy microfilms and hire typists. In addition to intramural funds dispensed by deans and research committees, foundation and government money is to be found, in the form of Guggenheim, American Council of Learned Societies and Fulbright research fellowships. These subsidies, wisely meant to be distributed among as many applicants as possible, do not buy a scholar any luxuries. But such aid is more than the British scholar ordinarily can hope for in the present and foreseeable state of his nation's economy.

And the American biographer profits also from the presence in this country of so much of the raw material he needs. In the last fifty years, beginning with the activities of millionaire collectors like the elder J. P. Morgan, Henry E. Huntington and Henry Clay Folger, tons of England's prized literary manuscripts and rare books—seemingly everything not nailed down forever in places like the British Museum and the Bodleian Library—have migrated over here.

For primary research on many great English authors, certain American libraries have larger resources than any single British collection, and in the case of some writers the manuscript holdings of a few American libraries are richer than those of all the British collections put together. Yale, for example, has the biggest single accumulations of the letters of George Eliot and George Meredith. Harvard has more Keats and Tennyson manuscripts than any other institution. Cornell has rich special collections of Wordsworth and James Joyce. A Dickens student can read 500 of the novelist's letters in the New York Public Library's incredibly rich Berg Collection, and then walk a few blocks down Fifth Avenue and read 1,350 more at the Morgan Library. In the Morgan, in addition to manuscripts and rare editions of important works by Milton, Pope, Scott, Byron, Ruskin, Dickens, Burns, Thackeray and others, are great caches of raw biographical material—1,400 letters by Ruskin (Yale has 1,670 more), 140 by Byron and members of his family, 118 by Burns, 67 by Browning. When we add to these the treasures of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, the Huntington at San Marino, California, and scores of college and university libraries all over the country, the total effect is staggering.

America has taken the lead in literary biography for still another reason: its

James L. Clifford. *Young Sam Johnson*. McGraw-Hill. $5.75.

Leon Edel. *Henry James: The Untried Years*. Lippincott. $5.

Robert Halsband. *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Oxford. $5.

Edgar Johnson. *Charles Dickens*. Simon and Schuster. 2 vols. $10.

Leslie Marchand. *Byron*. Knopf. 3 vols. $20.

Edward Nehls. *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*. University of Wisconsin. Vol. 1: 1885-1919; Vol. 2: 1919-1925; Vol. 3: 1925-1930. $7.50 each.

Gordon N. Ray. *Thackeray*. McGraw-Hill. Vol. 1: 1811-1846; $7. Vol. 2: 1847-1863. $8.

Helen Gill Viljoen. *Ruskin's Scottish Heritage*. University of Illinois. $3.75.

Newman Ivey White. *Shelley*. Knopf. 2 vols. $12.50.

RICHARD D. ALTICK, author of The Scholar Adventurers, The English Common Reader, *etc., is now completing a book on literary biography.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practitioners are demons for work. They think nothing of sending out hundreds of inquiries in their quest of new facts and their anxiety to verify old ones. They arrange their stacks of notes in systematic files, and obtain microfilm copies of documents they expect to use frequently. To their own energies they add those of eager young graduate-student apprentices, who now substitute for the old-fashioned, unpaid wife in doing the routine chores of research and checking.

THIS combination of extraordinary resources and efficient operation is seen at its most spectacular in certain elaborate editorial projects, or "factories" as they are called in the trade. The most famous ones are at Yale, blessed even more extravagantly than most libraries by its possession of the celebrated Boswell hoards. There the Boswell Factory is turning out delectable volumes of the great biographer's private papers for the general reader, and will soon launch a scholarly edition of the same documents for the specialist. And a by-no-means-negligible by-product will be Frederick A. Pottle's long-awaited intimate biography of Boswell. A sister production line, meanwhile, has just issued the first volume of what will eventually be a complete edition of Dr. Johnson's works. And in the same literary-industrial complex at New Haven is the old and established Horace Walpole Factory, which thus far has published twenty-one volumes of a magnificent edition of the greatest of all eighteenth-century English correspondences. Smaller operations, with headquarters in professors' offices on American campuses, have in the last few years compiled the fullest, most reliable, and most amply annotated editions of the letters of Defoe, Pope, Keats, Coleridge, Thackeray, Trollope and George Eliot, among others. Thus, in addition to producing literary biographies themselves, the American academic industry is also busily collecting, organizing, and making accessible the raw materials that are indispensable to the writing of future ones.

Our literary biographers, being Americans, like to work on a grand scale. Marchand's life of Byron ran to a million words in manuscript, and even after it was cut in half it filled 1,264 printed pages of text and 310 of notes. The first volume of Helen Gill Viljoen's biography of Ruskin is devoted to his parentage, and barely manages to conclude with his conception. After calculating that on this scale the whole of Ruskin's life would require 80,000 pages, one reviewer cried, with Tristram Shandy, "Heaven prosper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign!"

Only paper-makers and printers are unqualifiedly happy about the size of our literary biographies. It is true that nobody, not even the most jaundiced British reviewer, denies that these books contain more facts—laboriously discovered, sifted, tested, pieced-together facts—than any previous lives of their respective subjects. They are unquestionably more comprehensive and more reliable. But are they also, in the literary sense, better?

A categorical answer would be impossible. Present-day America has its share of bad biographers and its share of good ones, just as England has always had. Even our bad ones are whizzes at sheer fact-grubbing; as part of their saturation technique of research they learn everything that can possibly be discovered about an author, wedge every last fact into the book, treat the momentous and the trivial with stern impartiality, and thus make their pages virtually unreadable. The human being, the man or woman of passion and foibles and charm and genius—a Landor or an Elizabeth Browning—is lost in a welter of circumstantial detail.

Some biographers, still wedded to the now obsolete "scientific" conception of scholarship as being exclusively limited to the gathering and recital of facts, deny themselves even the mild luxury of an occasional reasonable speculation. Distressed (as, to be sure, most sensible people are) by the absurdities committed by some unlicensed psychoanalysts among biographers, they have made a dubious virtue of refusing to take a stand on psychological questions even when the evidence is abundant and fairly conclusive. Perhaps even more to be regretted is the timidity that prevents some biographers—accredited professors of English literature! — from dealing, in any but the most superficial and perfunctory fashion, with the writings of their subjects. They perform as though they thought the biographer and the critic had totally separate jurisdictions, and as though the chief purpose of literary biography were something other than extending our understanding of literature through a more thorough knowledge of the people who created it. And in American universities good writers are still rarer than good researchers.

PEDESTRIAN, timid, cluttered, myopic though some of our academic biographies are, we still have many to be proud of. In the first volume, the only one yet published, of his life of Henry James, Leon Edel has shown what fruitful uses a well-informed, perceptive biographer can make of psychoanalytic techniques. In his *Young Sam Johnson,* a bold and successful attempt to trace Johnson's life in the period before Boswell took over, James L. Clifford, drawing on an extensive and minute knowledge of an epoch, adroitly demonstrates how Johnson's character and ideas were influenced by specific historical events and tendencies during his youth. In Johnson's *Dickens,* the interplay of biographical narrative and chapters of criticism brilliantly achieves that ultimate goal of the literary biographer—the vivid realization of a man's personality and the simultaneous illumination of his writings.

Obviously there is no lack of dedication or energy among our academic biographers. What many of them still need to learn (or at least to apply to their work) is the truth that literary biography is not a mere orderly presentation of meticulously tested data, but an exercise of the controlled imagination; not only a technique, but an art. They must be less reluctant to indulge their instincts, even their sensibilities. For the secret of good biography lies more in the shape than the size; and insight and vividness are more to be valued than solidity and exhaustiveness. In these essential respects, the British, with a noble biographical tradition reaching back to Walton, Boswell and Lockhart, still have a substantial lead on us. It was they, not we, who produced Lytton Strachey, whose manifold sins of distortion, prejudice and cavalier handling of evidence set scholars' teeth on edge, but who nevertheless was a piercing analyst of character and a marvelously gifted writer.

Frog Autumn

Summer grows old, cold-blooded mother.
The insects are scant, skinny.
In these palustral homes we only
Croak and wither.

Mornings dissipate in somnolence.
The sun brightens tardily
Among the pithless reeds. Flies fail us.
The fen sickens.

Frost drops even the spider. Clearly
The genius of plenitude
Houses himself elsewhere. Our folk thin
Lamentably.

SYLVIA PLATH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nature Trap

THE TERRITORY AHEAD. By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 231 pp. $4.50.

John W. Ward

THERE are at least three good reasons for reading Wright Morris' first critical work. First, he writes well. This can go without arguing; Mr. Morris is one of our best novelists. Second, when one of our best novelists addresses himself to the tradition in which he works, we have a special opportunity of seeing the way in which tradition and the individual talent do in fact meet. Third, while presenting the tradition in the shape it takes from his angle of vision, Mr. Morris argues for more than literature; he argues for the possibility of life experienced in the present. This concerns us all.

Mr. Morris takes his title from Huck Finn's determination at the end of his adventures "to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest" in order to escape the complexities of civilization. Mr. Morris sees Huck's action as symptomatic of American letters; our writers turned to "NATURE" (as D. H. Lawrence liked to write that grand abstraction) for their subject and, in so turning, looked backward in time, not ahead. American literature, Mr. Morris suggests, has been imprisoned in a great cultural cliché. While our hands have built a terrible brave new world, our minds have been fixed in nostalgia on the myth of a green world of fresh beginnings that year by year slips further back into an irrecoverable past. Along with the crippling effects of nostalgia has gone an emphasis on the "raw material" of experience, rather than the transforming power of the imagination. Our classic writers, like Thoreau and Melville, Whitman and Twain, begin by writing about how it was and, inevitably, end up writing about themselves.

Mr. Morris spends roughly half his book establishing his interpretation of the tradition, and the other half in essays on Hemingway, Wolfe, Fitzgerald and Faulkner, demonstrating the burden the tradition has imposed upon contemporary writers. Audaciously, he pairs Henry James and Norman Rockwell in the center as ways to use and abuse the past. And, understandably enough, Henry James is the hero of *The Territory Ahead* because he embodies Mr. Morris' double plea: for a judgment sensitive to, but not crippled by, the past and for an imagination which will create the meaning the present must have if we are to live in it.

The Territory Ahead is a personal book—not only because its opinions are Wright Morris' opinions, but, one feels, because it is a writer's challenge to himself as writer. From this point of view, one can easily ignore some of its curious readings and even flat contradictions. But, even from a more sober and academic point of view, one can still ignore them, because *The Territory Ahead* is deeply right about one thing. Literary tradition is not simply literary, it is cultural. When Americans turned away from human nature to the world of nature which history had given them, they not only turned away from complexity to simplicity, they turned in the belief that meaning was there, in nature, not in human civilization. The distance we have come from that cultural turning is that we can no longer believe that order is simply given us to discover. We must create our own order, if we are to have any order at all. In this sense, Emerson's "Nature" is no longer possible for us, and not because we live in cities. When Mr. Morris pleads for an expanded consciousness in the present, he pleads for and with us all, even when he places the blame on some of the wrong figures in the past. At a time when the imagination is held inferior to the laboratory, when, as Mr. Morris says, "the hallmark of the true agony is that extinction is preferable to self-examination," then literature has a special value.

JOHN W. WARD is author of Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age. *A member of the English faculty at Princeton University, Mr. Ward is at present in Rome on a Guggenheim fellowship.*

On the Edge

How much I should like to begin
a poem with And — presupposing
the hardest said —
the moss cleared off the stone,
the letters plain.
How the round moon
would shine into all the corners
of such a poem, and show
the words! Moths and dazzled
awakened birds
would freeze in its light!
The lines would be
an outbreak of bells
and I swinging on the rope!

Yet, not desiring apocrypha
but true revelation,
what use to pretend the stone discovered,
anything visible?
That poem indeed
may not be carved there, may lie
— the quick of mystery —
in animal eyes gazing
from the thicket,
a creature of unknown size,
fierce, terrified, having teeth or
no defense, but whom
no And may approach suddenly.

DENISE LEVERTOV

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Literature

The Symbolist Movement in Literature by Arthur Symons (Everyman, $1.15) is described in *The Background of Modern Poetry* by J. Isaacs (Everyman, 95c) as "forgotten and no longer necessary, but in its time epoch-making." It has indeed lost its original use as a guide and leaven, but Mr. Isaacs still quotes from it at length. Symons' personal acquaintance with the French symbolists gives his book permanent vitality, and his style gives it charm. Some of Symons' statements have been corrected: Rimbaud did not destroy the Brussels edition of *Une Saison en Enfer,* for example; but his judgments are still interesting and valuable and he deserves re-reading in his own right. Richard Ellmann's introduction and bibliography are helpful. Mr. Isaacs' six essays are lucid, perceptive and a good introduction to modern poetry.

Also: *The Literary Symbol* by William York Tindall (Indiana-Midland, $1.75), especially concerned with prose and poetry since Proust, Joyce and Hopkins.

Yeats: The Man and the Masks by Richard Ellmann (Everyman, $1.55) draws on a great mass of previously unused Yeats manuscripts. The poet's tremendous energy, his artistic conscience, his interest in Irish nationalism, the occult and all the artistic movements of his time come brilliantly to life. Mr. Ellmann is unusually successful in uniting biography with criticism.

Marcel Proust and Deliverance from Time by Germaine Brée, translated by C. J. Richards and A. D. Truitt (Evergreen, $1.45), argues that Proust freed the novel from "servitude to realism" and in pursuit of that thesis supplies an enormous amount of information about Proust, techniques of the novel and aesthetic theory.

Proust, a Biography by André Maurois (Meridian, $1.45), a lively and knowledgeable conventional biography, is not notably original but uses previous-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly withheld memoranda, notebooks and letters.

The Donne Tradition by George Williamson (Noonday, $1.45). The best study of Donne's influence in the seventeenth century, hence illuminating for much twentieth-century poetry.

The Orient

Man and His Becoming According to the Vedanta by René Guénon (Noonday, $1.45) studies the nature and constitution of the human being as understood in Hindu metaphysics, concluding with "delivery in this life" and realization of the "supreme identity."

An Introduction to Haiku by Harold G. Henderson (Anchor, $1.25) draws on two and a half centuries for nearly four hundred finished translations. Commentaries, Japanese originals and literal translations elucidate individual haiku and the convention.

The Poetry of Living Japan, introduction and translations by Takamichi Ninomiya and D. J. Enright (Evergreen, $1.25; cloth, $2.75), sensitive recreations of "new poetry" largely of this century, preserves the mixed native and Western strains of the originals.

A Treasury of Asian Literature, John D. Yohannan, editor (Mentor, 50c), is a surprisingly comprehensive sampling of story, drama, song and scripture from Arabia, Iran, India, China and Japan with useful bibliographies and chronological tables. Standard translations.

Cultural History

The Greek View of Life by G. Lowes Dickinson (Michigan-Ann Arbor, $1.75), though outdated in some details by recent scholarship, remains a perceptive, gripping introduction to ancient concepts of religion, the state, the individual and art.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire by Samuel Dill (Meridian, $1.95), an erudite, brilliant and judicious evaluation of the decadence of a great civilization, is remarkable for its recognition of the cultural contributions of the passing aristocratic pagan minority. Delightful literary style.

The Man of the Renaissance by Ralph Roeder (Meridian, $1.95), with great vitality recreates the times through the life and work of Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione and Aretino.

Biology

The Fitness of the Environment by L. J. Henderson (Beacon, $1.95) is as gripping and pertinent as it was in 1912, despite the vastly supplemented store of fact. The problem in which it issues, that the mutual fitness of the environment and life should be explained and not merely celebrated, remains as a challenge to scientific thought.

The Voyage of the Beagle by Charles Darwin (Bantam Classics, 50c). A fresh and lively journal of the five-year voyage around the world that laid the groundwork for *On the Origin of Species.*

Also: Darwin's *Origin of Species* (Mentor, 50c), with an introduction by Julian Huxley and *Religion Without Revelation* by Julian Huxley (Mentor, 50c), extensively revised from editions before 1957 to include essays on "Science and God: The Naturalistic Approach" and "Evolutionary Humanism as a Developed Religion."

Miscellaneous

New World Writing No. 14 (Mentor, 75c), a particularly successful issue, includes two Soviet short stories, one from the period of "the thaw" satirizing a bureaucrat immobilized by timidity. Robert Graves chose two dozen new poems; William Carlos Williams, Dudley Fitts and Lysander Kemp translated parts of a substantial Latin American section. Dan Wakefield discusses J. D. Salinger and Kenneth Rexroth, jazz.

A Short History of Russia by P. D. Charques (Everyman, $1.35), only sketches the Soviet period, but shows throughout the rapid narrative a continuity of autocracy and a persistence of the peasant problem.

Poland: Its People, Its Society, Its Culture by Clifford R. Barnett and others (Evergreen, $2.45) is not a history but collaborative sociology. Today-oriented.

The Exploding Metropolis by William H. Whyte, Jr. and other editors of *Fortune* (Anchor, 95c), a sympathetic study of urbanism, explores problems of transportation, government, slums, suburbia and the constantly changing center of cities above 500,000 and evaluates proposed solutions. Illustrated.

At Your Druggist's: *The Aztec: Man and Tribe* by Victor W. von Hagen (Mentor, 50c); *Eugénie Grandet* by Honoré de Balzac (Bantam, 35c), new translation by Lowell Bair; *Four Short Novels: Bartleby, The Encantadas, Benito Cereno, Billy Budd* by Herman Melville (Bantam, 50c); *The Prisoners of Combine D* by Len Giovannitti (Bantam, 50c).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE THEATRE, if you look at it honestly, is a most paradoxical place. When I speak of looking at it "honestly," I refer to a reaction which is immediate and direct and not one based on a preconceived rationale of what we ought or ought not to like and why.

Last week in an effort to catch up on my retarded schedule of play-going I saw *The World of Suzie Wong,* Paul Osborn's dramatization of a novel by Richard Mason (Broadhurst) and John Ford's *Tis Pity She's a Whore* (Players' Theatre), a play written shortly after Shakespeare's death. The first play has been thoroughly drubbed by the press —and no doubt deservedly—while the second is, I suppose, a masterpiece, if only through its endurance in anthologies. But I had a better time with the chaff than with the wheat.

It is easy to discern that the Ford play is tightly written in admirably muscular verse, that its story is arresting (unapologetic incest provides the pivot of the plot), that its author was fascinated by the anarchy of human passions. It is just as easy to detect the slick sentimentality in the story of the whore named Wong. But in the actual circumstances of the theatre I am left cold by the performance of passions by children who have none, and held by the tenacious charm which emanates from lovely France Nuyen who plays the Hong Kong bad girl in Broadway's package of oriental corn.

It may be reprehensible to be anesthetized by the inexpressive bareness of the setting employed for the English classic and to be as bemused as a kid at a sideshow by the colorful hokus-pokus of Jo Mielziner's settings which, as reproduction of an environment, are probably bogus. But it is important to note that in the theatre this is the kind of thing that frequently happens to the greater part of the play-going public. We are not to conclude from this that the public is necessarily a lout. It means that in the beginning (of the theatre) was not the word.

This contradiction or paradox may be more complex than my first illustration indicates. If the audience at *Suzie Wong* responds to its color and more especially to the presence of Miss Nuyen and at *Tis Pity* to the boldness of its story and speech (all these related to a sex stimulus), why did I find so little to enjoy at *The Marriage-Go-Round,* Leslie Stevens' comedy (Plymouth) which stars such

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

engaging actors as Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert and definitely features that sumptuous lady, Julie Newmar.

For me at least—the play is a tremendous success—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert remain on a rather facile level of conventional polish (not particularly novel or scintillating) and even the luscious exaggeration of Miss Newmar's physique is not sufficient to supersede the commonplace humors and writing in this play of marital relations. Its attitude toward sex—part Peeping Tom archness, part chromium sophistication, part fake candor, part uncertain virility — makes an embarrassing composite worth sociological study.

BETTY COMDEN and Adolph Green are giving *A Party* (Golden) which consists of a performance of their own comedy and musical numbers. Their fun-making is captivating for a special and again theatrically interesting reason. The numbers from the musical comedies are—as we all had previously known—very good, but Betty and Adolph (a familiarity which seems to fit them) are not, technically speaking, expert performers. In fact, as performers, they are marked by an amateur touch. Adolph is not handsome, Betty is not immediately alluring. Yet Adolph ends by appearing almost glamorous, Betty a true beauty.

The reason for their triumph over their superficial disabilities is, as one of their songs proclaims, that they are "carried away." They are absolutely entranced by what they are doing—entranced not simply by the "ideas" contained in their material but in the frolic of its theatrical point. The little joke, the little sentiment, the little satire each number conveys seem to delight them so much, they are so innocently and wholeheartedly immersed in their "party"—as if relishing it for their audience as well as for themselves—that their little festivity is transformed into theatre in almost its primitive sense—a folk ritual. And the folk they celebrate, the source and object of their inspiration is "New York! New York!"

Editors' Note: Harold Clurman is perhaps the only New York theatre critic who has not had an enthusiastic word to say for *The Cold Wind and the Warm,* the play adapted by S. N. Behrman from his volume of sketches, *The Worcester Account,* and starring Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach. Mr. Clurman is disqualified on this occasion by the fact that he directed the play.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE Fromm Music Foundation has been performing an admirable service to music by its commissioning, recording and publishing of new scores. Recently, adding to its functions, it gave a concert in tribute to Igor Stravinsky (Town Hall), in which the composer's latest opus, *Threni: Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah,* was first presented in America. Commissioned by the North German Radio (Hamburg), and performed at the 1958 Venice Festival under the composer's direction, *Threni* is perhaps as dour and uncompromising a work as Stravinsky has ever composed. It employs a moderately large orchestra, of which only a handful of instruments ever plays simultaneously; a small chorus; and six solo singers. Among these performers, the emphasis falls most heavily upon the soloists, and even these are used with such Spartan economy that the communicative burden of the work seems finally to rest upon the shoulders of only one or two of them, who sing either individually, in long stretches of unaccompanied monody, or together, in stark, two-part canonic form. The chorus sings very little. A good part of its contribution is in the form of rhythmical, whispered choruses, with an occasional sung interjection so brief that it constitutes less of a musical phrase than a punctuation mark.

The youthful protegé and disciple of Stravinsky, Robert Craft (the Sunday *Herald Tribune* captioned a photograph of the two men as The Maestro and His Apostle) conducted the concert and wrote interesting, though occasionally precious, program notes. His remarks, contrasting the *Canticum Sacrum,* the religious choral-orchestral work with which Stravinsky first flung down the 12-tone gauntlet a couple of years ago, and *Threni* were especially evocative. They described the *Canticum* as a sacred "concert," invoking the spirit of praise; *Threni* as a sacred "service," liturgical in temper and form, and embodying the ideas of penitence and prayer. Craft also pointed out, what is certainly true, that from the series of canonic dialogues which comprise *Threni* no portion could

In Honor of
Thomas Paine
•
Inspirer of American Independence
Apostle of Liberty
Prophet of Democracy
Champion of Human Rights
January 29, 1737-June 8, 1809

Send for 20pp illustrated hard cover pamphlet. A fine memorial tribute by famous liberal author. Send 25c check or money order to
THE LIBERTARIAN BOOKMAN
815 W. Addison St., Chicago 13, Ill.

If it's bound in paper, we're bound to have it!
The Paperback Bookseller
147 Front Street
Hempstead, N. Y.
Order from us now—we pay postage.

Best Book Contest for 1959
$1600 Cash Awards plus 40% royalty. All types of manuscripts invited. For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for free Brochure N
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

"A TAUT, SHOCKING DRAMA."—Cue
THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED
A play about JOE HILL
Mail or Phone
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri. 8:30; Sat. 6:30 & 10; Sun. 3:00&7:30
JAN HUS, 351 E. 74 St. LE 5-6310

this is a good time to read
TOWARD A SOCIALIST AMERICA
A Book of Essays by 15 Americans
Edited by HELEN ALFRED
The contents suggest the possibilities of our economy, if organized to serve the general welfare rather than private profit enterprise, in maintaining the nation's stability and world-wide peace.
Coupon below may be used for your order.

PEACE PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 164, Planetarium Station
New York 24, N.Y.
I enclose $..... for ..... copies of Toward A Socialist America.
Name .....
(please print)
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....
.....$3 Cloth bound .....$1 Paper bound

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be excerpted and made to stand on its own. The work is a continuum, each part depending upon the others, which builds to a distinct but modest climax a few moments before its end. To my mind, the authority with which Stravinsky holds his auditors throughout an undramatic span of roughly half an hour is perhaps the strongest indication that the work is a masterpiece.

At the same time, and realizing that this may be beside the point, I cannot say that I really *liked* the new work. By its authority, it forced one to trace the carefully etched lines of its voices; to bear witness to each artful mark of the composer's pen. And yet I came from Town Hall asking myself whether Stravinsky's canons are *really* so much more thrilling than anybody else's. Is it possible to distill into a line of monody or into immediately perceivable canons something so spiritually elevated that the ends justify the means? Certainly, if the composer is endeavoring to transmit his personal religious sentiments, he has transmitted ones which seem on first contact to have a coldness and a rigidity possessed by none of the ancient religious music which has presumably influenced him.

It is only fair to state, however, that my reaction to the "coldness" and "rigidity" of Stravinsky's *Threni* is partly subjective. I find something anomalous in a situation where spiritual feelings are transmitted through a style whose high artifice and rigidity makes the composer's personality, his ego, seem to obtrude beyond the message. Such music, it seems to me, may lack humility of spirit and, indeed, can approach sacrilege. That was my reaction to the *Canticum Sacrum,* and my response to *Threni* has been similar, although in this case based more on the feeling of coldness and possible spiritual arrogance than of any sacrilege.

But a piece of music changes with the passage of time. What seems at first like coldness may prove, finally, to be clarity of thought. It would be foolhardy to assert that Stravinsky's last two choral works will never warm up and grow humane. It would be equally daring to claim that they will.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE American Academy of Arts and Letters is showing, until February 15, eighty-five canvases, ranging from Whistler to Marin, chosen to illustrate the Impressionist Mood in American Painting. Childe Hassam, the most fecund of these painters, is represented by only three canvases, the large collection owned by the Academy itself not having been gone into. But the show includes a number of paintings by Theodore Robinson, a charming and quite unknown contemporary of Hassam's who died before the end of the century. They are gray-green pictures in sober taste, of which a moonlight scene of 1892 is one of the handsomest canvases shown. In addition, there are: a black and white sketch by Sargent of an orchestra rehearsing, done in 1876 when the painter was twenty; a number of Twachtmans, two of which are unexpectedly fine; two beautiful Bellowses; a John Sloan, of New York seen from the Palisades, in rich and harmonious color; two brilliant beach scenes by Gifford Beal; a Glackens and a Marsh, both of crowds, hung side by side, which turn out to be extraordinarily alike except that the Glackens is red and blue while the Marsh is tan and brown. A charming Abbott Thayer watercolor of Mount Monadnock hangs along with his large, somber and rather empty oil of the same hill at sunset in a style half way between Impressionism and Hudson River. The group also contains two limpid, open views of Long Island seaside by William M. Chase; and a particularly good Cubist still life by Alfred Maurer.

The tenor of the show is gentle and pastoral. The pictures are well chosen, the painting straightforward and expressive. One feels little of the breath-taking grandeur to be found in French Impressionism; on the other hand, there is none of the corn and sentiment of German and Italian Impressionism and none of the restless virtuosity that Impressionism acquired when transplanted to Spain. The pictures seem to have been done with pleasure. One can see in them the enormous liberation offered to painters by these new methods of systematic improvisation. If on the whole the effect is somewhat dry, that is principally, I think, because the painters seem so little interested in people. In these pictures nature is the principal actor. Man, when he appears, is either a characterizing local coloration, as in the beach scenes by Beal; a decorative motif, as in Davies or Prendergast, or a subject for caricature, as in Hart, March, or Glackens. This, of course, is not unexceptionally true, but compared to the rich humanity of French Impressionism, the American wing seems more than a little remote.

ABSENCE of humanity cannot be charged against the twenty-seven paintings in the nude by Jules Pascin, on view at Perls until February 7. This is Pascin at his best and on his favorite subject—*la petite femme* of Paris artist and café life, presented true to life: tough, young, impersonal, professional and available. Girls like these, but prettified, are the standard theme of the frivolous French painters from Boucher to the illustrators for *La Vie Parisienne.* Pascin had the extraordinary quality to take them seriously, seeing their strong little bodies without sentiment or glamour, with only understanding and perhaps desire. His pictures of them are touching and human, erotic and at the same time curiously noble. These are single or double figures, or rather portraits, the faces firmly characterized but without expression, the flesh soft and roundly modeled without any stylization whatever. The painting is very thin—washes of color that scarcely cover the rapid shorthand outlines by which the pictures were begun. The hand is astonishingly sure, the drawing solid, expert and easy. In spite of the limited subject, this is some of the finest work the School of Paris has produced. And it is a pleasure in a time of lofty, aesthetic theories and high-style abstraction to be faced with a painter who had a taste for the routine and more commonly appreciated things of life.

THE highest of the high-style abstractionism I have yet encountered is the group of paintings by Adolph Gottlieb on view at the André Emmerich Gallery until the end of the month. This show consists of seven large, vertical and unframed canvases, each, as nearly as I could judge, some five feet broad by nine feet high and each a slight variation on the identical theme. The canvas is white. In the top section a rough oval spot is painted in some rich dark color, while the lower section contains a more irregular splotch in another dark color or in black. The effect is extremely stylish. When I was there the place was empty except for one other visitor, an elegantly dressed, handsome and rather worried-looking woman as impatient as a model waiting for the photographer. Perhaps she was. The pictures would be perfect as backgrounds for fashion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

photography. It is difficult to conceive of other use for them. Almost no house has so large a vertical area of wall whose lower part is not already occupied by fireplace, chair or table. This sort of problem seems to bother even the Betty Parsons Gallery whose present exhibition of similar, though not vertical, pictures, is entitled—Paintings for Unlimited Space.

THE most entertaining exhibit in town is the Kinetic Sculpture of George Rickey shown at Kraushaar through January 24. These are elaborately and beautifully made machines for doing nothing. Constructed of aluminum, brass and piano wire, balanced and counterbalanced with watchmakers' precision, they spin and turn and dip at the slightest breath or touch. Some are even activated by air currents set up by the spectator's approach. I have never seen among the artmobiles such pretty toys. Another amusing exhibit is the group of twelve collages and constructions by various artists at the Alan Gallery, also on show until the 24th. They are witty, elaborate and surprisingly varied. *Hotel de l'Etoile,* for example, by Joseph Cornell in his usual impeccable workmanship is a little white peep-show with a background of a sky and stars; Jasper John presents *Three Flags,* all American and superimposed in diminishing sizes; *The Walk* by Bruce Gilchrist is a plaque of tar in which is embedded precious-seeming objects such as opened-up beer cans with the golden insides showing and discarded radio tubes; and Bruce Conner's *Collage* has two surfaces, the front covered with assorted textures and materials, the back with pin-up girls and cut-out photographs of nudes. The title of the show is Beyond Painting.

Whether the work is beyond painting in the sense that it has surpassed it, I would not venture to decide. But certainly the three exhibitions I have mentioned (Rickey's work is sculpture) have nothing in common with painting except the occasional presence of paint. Painting and this are different games, played with quite different rules. The basis of painting is visual ideas; deprived of images it does not exist. This other practice has no need for images whatever. It uses the motor and visceral emotions aroused by texture, hand work and the visible evidence of muscular effort, to generate the sentiments of luxury, elegance and surprise. I have no objection to calling it an art. It is the work of talented and dedicated people. But I do not see how by any stretch of the imagination it can be classed with painting.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover*)

and directors of the publishers, many of whom are still union members today by tradition in the industry, are men of unquestionable integrity. Each alleged report of a pay-off which has come to our attention has been tracked down and proved to be the chattering of loose and imaginative tongues. Union membership is determined by regular situation-holder status under the contract, which is fixed by the publishers, and by family relationship as provided in the union by-laws, and upon Executive Board approval, and nothing else. The application of union membership to employment in the industry, however, is governed by the terms of the collective-bargaining agreement, the Taft-Hartley Act, and by applicable court and arbitration decisions.

Amazingly, Mr. Cook ignores completely:

(1) The refusal of the publishers to make any answer to the union's demands on wages and working conditions until forty minutes before the end of the two-year contract, making the union leadership's task of negotiating acceptable terms and convincing the union membership that they should be accepted practically impossible before a strike;

(2) The refusal of the publishers to permit one word of the dispute and of the imminence of a possible strike to be printed in their newspapers, even in those issues which were printed on December 7, the last day of the contract.

(3) The publishers' spurning of mediation efforts until the last few days of the old contract's existence;

(4) The publishers' insistence on living up to self-imposed commitments made by them to other unions without the knowledge or assent of the Deliverers' Union leadership;

(5) The melodramatic, unannounced appearance of the new president of the Pressmen's Union promising his union's support of the Deliverers' picket line, if they went on strike (on which his union reneged); and

(6) The normal differences of opinion which exist in any democratic union in which the membership has the right effectively to vote and decide on any agreement governing their wages and working conditions. (In this union, not only is there a full ratification discussion but, immediately upon the signing of a publishers' agreement, every member personally receives a printed copy of the agreement through the mail.)

The valiant attempt of the union leadership to save the union and the public from a strike costly to the membership, the newspapers and the public, was beset by the above factors, not by the subversive acts of criminals and racketeers. The opposition to the union leadership in this strike—and there was organized opposition, a healthy sign of democratic procedures—actually came from younger men in the union, inexperienced in labor-union negotiations, though possibly with some book learning, who were determined to win a shorter work week, sick leave, additional holidays and the like. They not only rejected the advice of the union leadership but they were also able temporarily to swing the majority over by their bold pressure tactics. They made their influence felt through word of mouth, through a loud and well-organized opposition to the leadership at the first two membership meetings, with prepared picket signs and the usual legitimate forms of persuasion which are accepted in any democratic community. In the judgment of more experienced and more

Free to WRITERS
seeking a book publisher
Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. NA-1
Exposition Press / 386 4th Ave., N.Y. 16

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER
New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's largest book publishers is seeking manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 103—It's free. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31st Street, New York 1, New York.

Buy Your Books through *The Nation*
Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.
Please address your orders to
Miss O. LePach
THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practical minds, they may have been wrong, but they were not prompted by criminal racketeering or other insidious motives as alleged by Mr. Cook in *The Nation.*

If the publishers had not been, by the nature of things, in so strong a public-relations position, had they been compelled to bargain in good faith with this independent union, as they claim to have done with the Newspaper Guild, there would have been a bargaining atmosphere in which a contract could have been realized which was acceptable to the leadership and salable to the membership. The severe consequences of the newspaper publishers' strike were not inevitable. They came from the publishers' insistence—like Mr. Cook's—on looking under the table instead of talking over it.

Please believe me that I do not wish to be harsh personally with Mr. Cook or angrily critical of *The Nation,* although we certainly have reason to be. . . . I am well aware of the strong feelings which many members of the innocent public have about this situation. But I am also cognizant of the inept and disastrous handling of negotiations by the publishers and of their efforts to fix the blame on some "dead horse." These matters may perhaps have been unknown to Mr. Cook because he did not take the trouble to inquire into them, but he should have inquired into them instead of relying on the false and malicious rumors which make a hoax out of his article.

ASHER W. SCHWARTZ
O'Donnell & Schwartz, Counsel to the Newspaper and Mail Deliverers' Union of New York and Vicinity
New York City

Author's Reply

Dear Sirs: Shortly after my article appeared in *The Nation,* a couple of deliverers showed it to a friend of mine. They commented that it was pretty rough, but correct. One of them put it this way: "He's got it absolutely right." This verdict, coming from members of the union, carries more weight than the sweeping denunciation by Mr. Schwartz who, as counsel for the Deliverers' Union, can hardly be termed the most dispassionate of critics. I might also call attention to the fact that other publications, in research completely independent from mine, agree with my conclusions.

Wrote *Time* (December 29, 1958): "'The union's an anarchy,' said Stephen Vladeck, former union counsel. 'It's riven with politics.' . . . There was little sympathy in any quarter for the deliverymen, who can gross as much as $250 a week—against a base pay of $104—by taking extra jobs, working extra shifts, and by charging newsstand dealers for 'insurance' against such hazards as truck damage to their kiosks or bundles dropped in the gutter."

And Edward F. Folliard of *The Washington Post and Times Herald* (who can hardly be said to be under the influence of the New York publishers) wrote on January 5, 1959: "A man . . . thoroughly familiar with the workings of the union . . . said that two things were behind the power struggle within the union—'status' and 'pickings.' 'A business agent's office in this union,' he said, 'can be worth anywhere from $25,000 to $75,000 a year, depending upon the pickings.' . . . The record would indicate that the union does not require virtue or a clean police record of its officers. On the contrary, it shows that two former convicts were re-elected as business agents after their release from Sing Sing. . . ."

Mr. Schwartz tries to picture the union as clean and honest; he says the "pay-offs" are past history and the criminal element is a minor one of no influence. Yet even as I write this, three officials of the union and a deliverer have been indicted by a Nassau County grand jury on charges of slashing tires and threatening drivers to prevent deliveries of the Long Island *Newsday.*

Mr. Schwartz's pitch is that the publishers peddled stories to discredit the union and deceived me and *The Nation.* Let me say that much of the information in my article came from members of his own union and from officials of other unions, not from the publishers. Furthermore, Mr. Feldman and Mr. Schwartz pleaded their case with the officials of the New York Newspaper Guild and the craft unions, asking for support of their strike. These other union officials turned them down cold, and I doubt if even Mr. Schwartz can sell the idea that all of these union leaders are stooges of the publishers.

Many of Mr. Schwartz's arguments are inconsistent on their face. At one point, he says the publishers refused to "make any answer to the union's demands . . . *until forty minutes* before the end of the two-year contract"; at another point, he scolds the publishers for not having agreed to mediation "until the last few days" of the contract. Both statements cannot be true. Another contradiction: Mr. Schwartz argues that it was the stubborn stand of the publishers which precipitated the strike, but in the very same paragraph he blames the strike on the "inexperienced" younger men of the union who revolted against the leadership. And I might add that young and uninformed elements of a union do not organize so well; the "bold pressure tactics" (Mr. Schwartz's own term) are the hallmark of tough and veteran agitators.

Mr. Schwartz complains that I am too obviously concerned with the financial plight of the publishers in New York. As a working newspaperman I do have a vital concern—as Mr. Schwartz and the deliverers should have—in seeing that the already limited New York newspaper field does not shrink still further, with a consequent loss of jobs in every line of newspaper activity. And every working newspaperman in this city must know that the financial condition of several New York newspapers could only be described as precarious even before the strike.

FRED J. COOK
New York City

RESORTS

ALLABEN
Monmouth & 5 St., Lakewood, N.J.
Modern, intimate. Fabulous Classical Record Collection — Library — Entertainment — Free Ice Skating. Allaben Ensemble, Mort Freeman. Jewish American Cuisine.
JACK & SERENA SCHWARTZ
Tel. Lakewood 6-1222 • Res. for Feb.Holidays

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
RELAX in an atmosphere of warmth and hospitality. Winter Sports. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator service. In N.Y.C. call at local rate.
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449
FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

PERSONALS

WE NEED SPACE!
For our growing tropical plant and gift departments.
Take advantage and buy at below dealers' prices all our floor samples of TV's, Radios, Phonographs, Refrigerators, etc.
Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N.Y. GR 3-7819.
1 hour free parking.

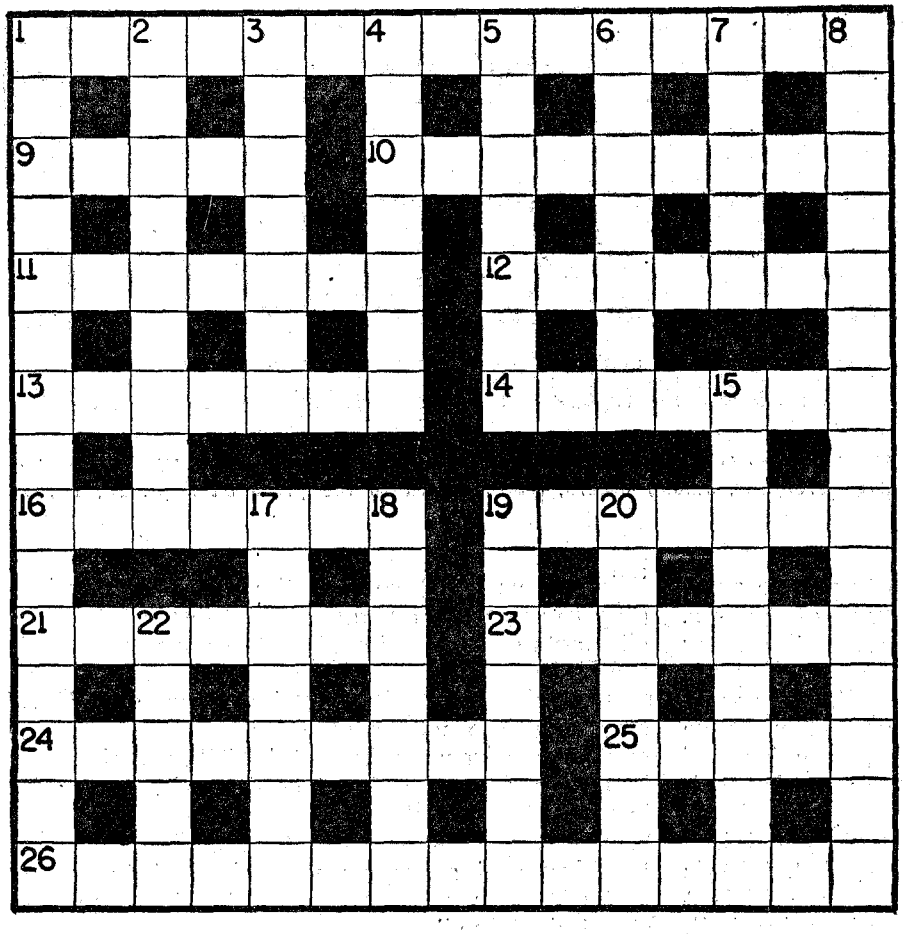
LEARN WHILE YOU SLEEP equipment for experimenters. Full line timers, pillow speakers, endless tapes. Also books, languages, self-help personality improvement courses on record. Inquiries invited. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.

Advertising Rates
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 804

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Such artistic presentation may not be detailed. (15)
9 Shoot, suggesting the season of the hay-fever sufferer. (5)
10 Rare metal found in the Ural mountains. (9)
11 Moved fast when it comes to wine and plunder. (7)
12 Somewhat less than honest, which is pitiful! (7)
13 Having one case, in another case I take a slider! (7)
14 This part of the army should be closed up. (7)
16 It's necessary, but the leading lady of 10 might to become 12. (7)
19 Accomplish something symptomatic of trouble, that is with five on the inside. (7)
21 Entertaining a suggestion of study? (7)
23 Something traditionally won by getting praise in mine? (7)
24 In little Leo, a high point of artificial motherhood. (9)
25 See 26
26 and 25 Putting the cause of this as a matter of course? (3, 7, 2, 3, 5)

DOWN:

1 Player needing a roll to go on the piano, for example. (15)
2 A rip in the leaf, relating to the immediately preceding. (9)
3 Ornament on the edge, in large letters! (7)
4 Played a leading role in the shell game. (7)
5 Rocks might, but not in the harvest. (7)
6 Overcome by force. (7)
7 Time was called, in "Jenny Kissed Me." (5)
8 A rather involved period of years served in construction. (7, 8)
15 A certain one might be invoked in hearing. (9)
17 A short day can be easily broken up. (7)
18 Might be tender, but I find it useless when not filled. (7)
19 Should alleviate the extreme difficult of 19 across. (7)
20 Yellow River. (5, 2)
22 A brother to one involved in your 2. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 803

ACROSS: 1 Rolls; 9 High-Flier; 10 Notes; 11 Asafetida; 12 Ashen; 13 Foundlings; 17 Rumble seat; 21 Skier; 22 Edelweiss; 23 Brian; 24 Iterative; 25 Winterset; 26 and 4 across Sense of balance. DOWN: 1 Reheat; 2 Legman; 3 Suffer; 4 Origin of Species; 5 Bargain basement; 6 Lineally; 7 Notching; 8 Easiness; 14 Crossbow; 15 Ambition; 16 Clarence; 18 Tweaks; 19 Pinion; 20 Essene.

LITERARY SERVICES

FREE! Writer's Market List!
If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines, or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item. For free copy write: **Daniel S. Mead, 915 Broadway, Dept. N N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

RECORDINGS

SAVE ON ALL LP's
- Factory Fresh
- Including hard to get items
- Fast Service • Careful Packing

Write for free catalogue
DISCOUNT RECORD SERVICE
Box 175, Radio City Sta., N.Y. 19

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
ALFRED KANFER
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych journals
Recipient of research grants

SERVICES

UNIVERSITY TELEVISION SERVICE
(Manhattan Bronx Yonkers)
Television and Air Conditioning
150 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx 63, N. Y.
CY 8-0420

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — economical, insured, household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. **The Padded Wagon, AL 5-8343 (N.Y.C.)**

EMPLOYMENT SERVICES

FLORIDA JOBS, all kinds, entire state, hundreds listed. WRITE **Fastway Service, Daytona Beach.**

The Best Way To Get *The Nation*

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Years, $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months, $4

☐ **Bill Me** ☐ **Payment Enclosed**

(Canadian and Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

1-24-59

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PLEA . . .
for executive clemency.

IF YOU AGREE *with these distinguished Americans . . .* WRITE TO THE PRESIDENT

(The following is the complete text of a letter sent to President Eisenhower by the undersigned, among others, and released to the press on Sept. 23, 1958)

Dear Mr. President:

This letter is a respectful plea to you to exercise executive clemency in behalf of Messrs. Gilbert Green and Henry Winston. Of the many Communists indicted and convicted under the Smith Act, they only are still in jail. They were members of the first group convicted in Judge Harold Medina's court. However, they jumped bail pending appeal and did not surrender, voluntarily, until 1956. They then received three-year contempt terms added to their original five year sentence under the Smith Act. Of this they have served more than two years, sufficient punishment, one would think, for jumping bail.

If Messers. Green and Winston had not earlier been tried and convicted, one can hazard the guess that they would not today even be indicted. The Supreme Court in the Yates case limited in fact, if not in express language, its earlier decision in the Dennis case (governing Green and Winston as well) so that the Act now applies only to advocacy or conspiracy to advocate specific acts of violence against the government of the United States. Of this offense there was no more evidence submitted against Green and Winston than against six of their comrades whose convictions were on August 4, 1958, unanimously reversed by the Court of Appeals. That tribunal ruled that the Supreme Court had held "that it must be clear in some fashion that the teaching and advocacy was directed to some sort of action, not merely devoted to some abstract doctrine."

Would it not be in the spirit of this decision for you to extend clemency to Messrs. Green and Winston? In so doing, we are persuaded, you could illustrate to our own people and the world the strength and sincerity of America's faith in civil liberties.

Sincerely yours,

NORMAN THOMAS, N.Y.C.
DR. REINHOLD NIEBUHR, N.Y.C.
DR. JOHN B. THOMPSON, Chicago
REV. JOHN PAUL JONES, Brooklyn
BRUNO LASKER, Poulsbo, Wash.
FRANCIS HEISLER, Carmel, Calif.
AUBREY L. WILLIAMS, Montgomery, Ala.
J. FRANK DOBIE, Austin, Tex.
REV. ARTHUR L. SWIFT, N.Y.C.
HOWARD FAST, Teaneck, N. J.
CHESTER A. GRAHAM, Madison, Wis.
BISHOP (Retired) EDWARD L. PARSONS, San Francisco, Calif.
CLARENCE E. PICKETT, Philadelphia, Pa.
KERMIT EBY, Chicago, Ill.
LUCY P. CARMER, Philadelphia, Pa.
ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN, Berkeley, Calif.
HON. STANLEY ISAACS, N.Y.C.
REV. CHARLES W. KELLY, Tuskegee, Ala.
REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, N.Y.C.
HON. CULBERT L. OLSON, Los Angeles, Calif.
KATRINA McCORMICK BARNES, N.Y.C.
BENJ. H. KIZER, Spokane, Wash.
MAYNARD C. KRUEGER, Chicago, Ill.
A. J. MUSTE, N.Y.C.
ALONZO F. MYERS, N.Y.C.

(Publication of this advertisement was made possible by friends of Mrs. Henry Winston—Box 113, Williamsbridge Station, New York 67, N.Y.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED